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SPEAIGHT.

THE HON. MRS. PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE AND CHILDREN.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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THE SIMPLE LIFE

RECENTLY there has been much controversy in the daily Press as to what is the truth about the oft-repeated desire for a simple life expressed so freely during recent years. According to the cynical journalists a great deal is only poetry, and the most celebrated of our dramatists has said the best poetry is "the most feigning." He and the journalists are in agreement if the words be taken literally. No doubt there is a good deal of feigning in the professions of love for a simple life. The majority naturally prefer the town. They like Nature on "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall." They are like the late Mr. Anthony Trollope and Mr. James Payn, whose favourite recreation was to play whist in the Reform Club. It is recorded that once upon a time they thought a visit to the country was necessary for their physical welfare, and so they adventured forth as far as Guildford, or it might be a smaller town; but after a single walk through the main street they returned to the station, waited for the next train, and did not feel happy until they were once more facing each other at dinner in the Reform Club. Probably there are more people like that than care to confess it. The wise man has told us that "no man quickeneth his own soul," and he who lives completely in the country is very apt to go to rust. To quote again, "Iron sharpeneth iron," and the anchorite is bound to grow dull for lack of intercourse with his intellectual equals.

The old-fashioned idea of possessing a house in the country and one in town has much to be said for it, and those probably enjoy life most who alternate the one with the

other. They cherish the wider interests of life, follow the political and philosophical thought of their time more or less closely, see the most interesting people and the finest pictures, go to the best plays and concerts and generally enjoy all the best that civilisation has to offer. Yet the very man or woman who seems to have been given wholly up to urban life is very often addicted to withdrawing to the depths of the country and living for weeks and even months at a time the life of a recluse. Mr. Alfred Austin would put this down to the poetic impulse. He produced a long argument to show that the bards from Chaucer downwards must have thirsted for the simple life. As a matter of fact, there is little reason for thinking so. There is plenty of stuff in "The Canterbury Tales" to show that Chaucer very much enjoyed what would now be called smoking-room talk and stories. He was in the very heart of the life of his time. Shakespeare, when he had made a competency, did, in truth, retire to Stratford-on-Avon; but, somehow, imagination always pictures him at the Globe Tavern, pitting his nimble wit against that of "rare Ben Jonson," and although there is no poetry of Nature more beautiful than his, it is equally true that no one seems to have more keenly enjoyed the frolicsomeness of life. Shakespeare's spirits never were higher than when he wrote the inimitable dialogue for Sir John Falstaff, and Sir John Falstaff's wit was not of the country, though we have it on the authority of Dame Quickly that as he died "he babbled o' green fields." Mr. Austin argues that because Pope lived at Twickenham, therefore he chose the simple life. No doubt he did love the country; but there are records to show that the little poet passed many an uproarious night in town, as did his predecessor, John Dryden. Milton himself, though no one has praised the country more beautifully, lived for the greater part of his life in town; and if his austere mind did not enter into its wilder pleasures, he nevertheless was well aware of the enjoyment that comes from congenial friends. His famous passage about "a cloister and unblest virtue" is a sign that he did not highly esteem the merit of a St. Simeon Stylites. Gray, who wrote the "Elegy," the finest poem of its kind in our language, was a fastidious gentleman, a traveller and a connoisseur, not by any means one who could have endured the life of a ploughman. He understood the sentiments of a peasant, but did not feel them.

When we come closer to our own age, and speak of men with whose lives we are familiar, we do not find much frantic devotion to simplicity of life. Lord Byron did not even care to affect it. Robert Burns was, it is true, a peasant poet, but that was from the accident of birth, not either by choice or necessity. His merriest moments were probably spent in the tavern, or in the company of one of those dairymaids whom he was constantly worshipping. His brief sojourn in Edinburgh proved his readiness to join in the dissipation of the town, which was the reverse of the spirit that the Poet Laureate finds so common. The most thorough peasant among all the great poets was William Wordsworth, who indeed seems to have loved Nature and seclusion for their own sake. His mind was not the richer but the poorer for it. He could inveigh as he liked about the wickedness of giving our lives to "getting and spending"; but then there are passions and hopes and inspirations in the human mind to which his poetry makes no appeal. Tennyson in a way loved the simple life, but it did not prevent him from having a comfortable, not to say luxurious, house and surroundings. His taste for country life is best exemplified in those wanderings of his middle age, when it was no uncommon thing for a friend to discover him in a country inn, his feet on the old-fashioned chimney-piece, his inseparable clay pipe in his mouth and an old learned treatise in his hand. Much that is best in his poetry is no doubt due to the communing held with himself during those wanderings; but at the end of them he swung back to the heart of London, where he enjoyed the conversation of the most brilliant wits of the time. Thus a survey of the lives of the poets shows that they are indeed failing when they profess to care beyond all else for the little cottage by the river, the stream through the dell and the other conventional attributes of the simple life. They did really enjoy the skies and clouds and winds and rains of the English climate, but only as part of a wider and greater life.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie and her children. The Hon. Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie is a daughter of Mr. Albert Vickers, and her marriage to the Hon. Stuart Pleydell-Bouverie took place in 1900.

*. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES.

FOR the first time since his accession to the Throne, and for the fifth time in his life, King Edward VII. has consented to act as President of the Royal Agricultural Society. His year of office will be 1911, and in it, very appropriately, the annual show of the society will be held at Norwich, the capital of the county in which Sandringham is situated. At the latter place His Majesty has achieved many brilliant successes as a breeder of sheep, cattle and horses. As Prince of Wales and latterly as King he has carried off many important prizes from Norwich. He is a very appropriate President for the most important agricultural society in the world as he takes an unceasing interest in all that relates to the cultivation of the soil. The example set by him is, with happy results, followed by the majority of our county gentlemen.

Parents, schoolmasters and children ought to be keenly interested in a judgment delivered by the Lord Chief Justice at Bedford a few days ago. The case was a very simple one. A lady who had sent four of her children to the Bedford Grammar School wished to stipulate that they should not be flogged. The head-master would not agree to that, but promised that they should not be punished in this way unless they gravely transgressed the rules of the school. Four years afterwards the event occurred which gave rise to the litigation. The youngest of the boys was found reading a penny novelette in class, and when questioned on the subject prevaricated as boys will. The assistant-master considered that he deserved a flogging, and carried the case up to the head-master, whose use of the cane is very light. The boy left the school rather than undergo the punishment, and after a lengthy correspondence the lady took action against the schoolmaster. Lord Alverstone, however, found for the defendant, and made some comments that were not at all favourable on the conduct of the mother, who was much more to blame than her child.

The latter had simply been guilty of one of those faults that nearly every healthy boy commits now and then, and for which, if he is the healthy young animal he ought to be, he takes punishment as the natural result. Probably the effect of the punishment is in the end to strengthen the conviction that deceit is not a paying game and that candour is. At least, this was the view that Lord Alverstone took of the case, and we believe that it will commend itself to the sensible portion of mankind. The mother did no good by her action, but some harm, in so far as it might have the effect of magnifying the offence of the boy, which, although it deserved punishment, was not in itself of a serious character. The very bargain which she tried to make with the head-master, however, shows the squeamishness which is creeping into the minds of some people, who seem to think that some moral kind of punishment has more effect than physical. We believe the contrary to be the case. The old idea of thrashing children is, we are thankful to say, obsolete; but a light, sharp, physical correction promptly administered is well calculated to produce the desired effect, and, generally speaking, leaves no ill-feeling behind.

In the course of a few weeks an interesting experiment, the expense of which will be borne by the Government, certain co-operative societies and the Great Western Railway, is to be tried with a view to increasing the egg supply in this country. The Great Western Railway is to run an egg train from Paddington through the West of England and Wales. It

will carry lecturers and poultry appliances, and the object will be to instruct the rural population as to the most profitable method of meeting the demand for fresh eggs. This method of propagandum is new to Great Britain, but it has been tried in America, and there are many things in favour of its success. It has been pointed out in these columns that the feature of the International trade in eggs last year lay in the decrease in the quantity imported into this country, and the enhanced price. The latter appears to be due in a large measure to the greater demands from Germany, which imported a very much greater number during the last year. It is needless to say that a large proportion of foreign eggs are used both in Germany and this country in various industries; but, on the other hand, during the winter there is, practically speaking, an egg famine in Great Britain—that is to say, of new-laid English eggs.

There is an abundance of pickled and foreign eggs, but they do not meet the demand for a perfectly fresh breakfast egg. The reason for this shortage is that our poultry-keepers as a class have not yet mastered the art of getting their hens to lay in winter. Here and there an individual succeeds, but it is no exaggeration to say that nine out of every ten poultry-keepers fail. At Christmas-time there were many who kept hundreds of chickens and yet were unable to supply a single new-laid egg. Indolent poultry-farmers have sought a way out of the difficulty by preserving eggs, but it has not proved satisfactory. The pickled egg is not a boiling egg, as the yolk runs into the white. Unluckily the practice of preserving has led to a certain amount of fraud. No one can tell a freshly laid egg from a pickled one at sight, but when the eggs are cooked the difference is too painfully apparent. At many shops where one would not expect it, pickled eggs were sold for fresh during the winter that is not yet past.

VALENTINE TO A BABY GIRL.

Sweetheart, pink and innocent,
Grown-up girls are *not* my style!
Some like those on mischief bent.
Sweetheart, pink and innocent,
Let them (duffers!) be content,
I like *you*, who lie and smile!
Sweetheart, pink and innocent,
Grown-up girls are *not* my style!

E. A. RAMSDEN.

"The greatest first night of modern times," is the verdict of *The Times* dramatic critic on the production of Edmond Rostand's long-delayed play of "Chantecler." Its production, announced nine years ago, has been put off from time to time owing to a succession of unfortunate accidents. The author himself fell ill; the great Coquelin, who was to have played the leading part, died; and at the last the floods in Paris disorganised the theatres. But the play has appeared, and the distinguished critic to whom we have referred is probably not very far wrong in his judgment. The International importance of the event, however, lies not so much in the dramatic success as in the inauguration of a new treatment of Nature. It seems at first glance a ludicrous idea, that of dressing up a company of actors as farmyard fowls, or at any rate as pheasants, guinea-fowls, peacocks, nightingales, turkeys and so forth. The attempt challenges comparison with "The Birds" of Aristophanes. The difference is that Aristophanes was bent on ridiculing alike the political institutions and the cosmogonies of his day, while M. Rostand has woven into his fantastic drama an appeal to Nature that sheds a most exquisite light over the whole of the work.

The floods in Paris have had the effect of showing France that in the Prime Minister, M. Briand, she possesses not only a statesman, but a prompt and resourceful man of action. Thanks to his energy Paris is steadily recovering from the effects of the calamity, yet its magnitude continues to be revealed in greater proportion. In Paris and its neighbourhood it is estimated that fifteen thousand agricultural labourers, twelve thousand navvies, ten thousand men in the metal trades and ten thousand engaged on the railways, tramways and steamboats have been thrown out of employment. In many cases their houses and homesteads have been submerged and destroyed, and they are utterly without means of obtaining shelter, food or clothes. Their employment has been taken away by the flooding of factories and workshops. Most generous and liberal has been the response of such neighbours as Great Britain and Italy to the needs of these poor people, and the Chamber has granted a considerable sum towards their relief; but still their numbers are so great and their distress so abject that it is impossible yet to say that sufficient funds have been got together to meet the necessities of the sufferers.

The other day a very interesting conversation was published as having taken place with Sir William Huggins on the celebration of his eighty-sixth birthday. He is one of the greatest

astronomers of our time, and chiefly to his research do we owe the knowledge that matter throughout the universe is the same as it is on our earth. It is by astral physics that the nature of the heavenly bodies has been determined, and by it all Sir William says "we have learned of the progress of the stars, and so I have come to know that Capella is about the same age as the sun, and Arcturus has lived longer than either." He reminds us of Tennyson in his old age, who described himself as having got to the "land's last limit." Probably Sir William Huggins has acquired as much knowledge as any man of his generation, and yet he but points the moral that the life of man is so infinitesimal compared with the forces and phenomena by which he is surrounded that he has only time, as it were, to become awake to the mystery of the universe before his eyes are closed for ever. It is said that Halley's comet was discovered four centuries before Christ, and it appears once in seventy years. What a melancholy thought it must be for an astronomer that not only will he never know the ultimate end of that comet, but will, in all probability, have no opportunity of seeing it twice.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, speaking at the seventh annual dinner of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association, paid a well-deserved compliment to that body. Its history is worth knowing, because the early impressions formed of the sanitary inspector are not easy to get rid of. Sir James Crichton-Browne says that at first they were "recruited from the ranks of broken-down tradesmen. They were left to the guidance of their own instincts, and to the tender mercies of the parochial authorities, and knew no more about sanitation than they knew about Sanscrit." All this has been changed in the lapse of time. The sanitary inspector of to-day is, as a rule, a well-educated man, and qualified in every way to act as the lieutenant of the Medical Officer of Health. He was happily described by Sir James as "a beneficent Paul Pry, who looks into every corner without being an intruder." He paid them very high compliments on the improvement they had succeeded in producing in the condition of the London atmosphere. Half a million tons of sulphuric acid are passed every year into the atmosphere, and, as Sir James said, without the latest improvements which modern sanitation has effected "lungs of leather, bronchial tubes of tire rubber could not resist the action of sulphuric acid."

Seldom has so much excitement been created by a match at chess as has arisen out of that between Dr. Lasker and Herr Schlechter. The former has not before been "held" by any antagonist since he defeated the late Mr. Steinitz about fifteen years ago. Over and over again his supremacy has been challenged by men who held the supremacy in their respective countries, and by Dr. Tarrasch, who is, without exception, the most successful tournament player of his time. On each previous occasion Dr. Lasker succeeded in establishing the advantage early in the match, and never lost it till the end. Schlechter had the unique distinction of beating him in the first half of the match played at Vienna, and as we write the issue of the second half played at Berlin is still in doubt. The games have been dull because both Dr. Lasker and his opponent have adopted the most severe safety tactics, but in a match of such importance that was only to be expected. Both players are masters in the art of drawing the game, and afford each other no opportunity for the brilliant pyrotechnics in which Anderssen, Morphy and Pillsbury delighted.

The report of the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society, presented to the Fellows at the annual meeting on Tuesday last, is a satisfactory one in every respect. The society has now been in existence for one hundred and six years, and during that time has had a rather chequered career. At present it is in a very sound condition, both as regards numbers of Fellows and finance. During 1909 there was a net increase of five hundred and twenty-three Fellows, and the net increase of income during the year was nine hundred and seventy-one pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence. The total number of Fellows at the end of the year was eleven thousand and thirty. A society with a membership of this kind, and in a sound financial condition, is capable of doing much good work, and it is gratifying to note that the Council is fully alive to the fact. During last year several necessary improvements were made in the society's gardens at Wisley, including the erection of a new fruit wall one hundred feet long, and this year the Council hopes to erect an orchid house for the reception of a collection of orchids presented to the society. Such a report may be regarded as indicative of the increasing interest which is being taken by the general public in the higher branches of horticulture.

The country is the poorer by the loss of a country gentleman of a fine and exceptional type through the death of Mr. J. G. Talbot, for very many years Member of Parliament for Oxford University. With the tastes of a country gentleman, the late

Mr. Talbot combined a scholarship and an interest in all intellectual movements which are not very often found in that combination. He was greatly liked in the neighbourhood of his country seat, Falconhurst, near Edenbridge in Kent. He was elder brother of the Bishop of Southwark. The brothers married sisters, daughters of the late Lord Lyttelton and sisters of the present Lord Cobham and of the numerous Lyttelton brothers, famous game-players in their youth and now occupying conspicuous positions in various paths of later life.

A correspondent, Mr. Sidney Clarke, explains a bit of jargon that is not without special interest at the moment. It was cited in Mr. Bonnett's article on the Mummings' Play, and ran thus, "What the proud teck of thy fattle dome," which as it stands is gibberish. Mr. Clarke says it is merely a phonetic rendering of "Wait proud Turk for thy fatal doom," and the explanation satisfies at once. At first sight this does not seem to have anything to do with the new Oaths Act, yet those who have listened attentively to the repetition of the oath by witnesses in court can see such corruption actually taking place. A correspondent writing to *The Times* on January 27th gives some examples: "Well and truly try" becomes "Tell you truly why." "Our Sovereign Lord" turns into "Our love reign sord" or "Our loving sord." "The prisoner at the bar whom I shall have in charge" is translated into "The prisoner in the bar I shall discharge." We cannot wonder at the Mummings' Play having become corrupted in the course of centuries when similar changes are taking place in our law courts daily.

S N O W.

The pure white flakes come softly down,
Tenderly cloaking the drab and brown.
Old Earth appears in fairy dress
Under the rule of Winter's stress.

Like angels' frozen breath it falls
On humble roofs and stately walls,
Giving the world a look remote,
In the vast ways of the heavens afloat.

The birds sit silent all and cowed;
A hush spreads o'er the world in shroud,
The sun shines out from the pearly sky,
And flings roseate rays as the hours fly.

Then the world of dreams melts away
Before the approach of the coming day,
And the Earth rejects her fair white dress
When its beauty is spoiled by mortal impress.

DRUSILLA MARY CHILD.

There is one result of the recent General Election which may be regarded with equal satisfaction by both sides. This is a distinct modification of the hostility with which people in the country generally and, we have to admit, rather naturally, have regarded the coming of the motor. It has been looked upon at once as a sign of the great difference in the spending power of different classes, and also as a cause of much discomfort and actual danger in the life of once peaceful villages. The general use of motors to take voters to the poll has done a great deal towards removing this hostile feeling. Since so many of them have now been elated by their "motor ride" to the poll, they look on these strange engines with quite changed eyes, each ready to maintain, with every air of the connoisseur, that the particular vehicle which had the honour of conveying him was more sumptuous than that which took his neighbour. The rural voter, in fact, shows a disposition to regard himself now as belonging to what have been sometimes called "the motoring classes."

Much sympathy will be felt with the appeal for money by the Wimbledon and Putney Commons' Extension Fund. Few Londoners are unaware of the extreme prettiness of Wimbledon Common in the early spring and throughout the summer months. The beauty of Richmond Park is equally well known, and the favourite road between them runs between picturesque meadows. But already there are houses built where the Kingston road passes the Robin Hood Gate of Richmond Park, and unless steps are taken there is a danger that the whole of the lower land, which is the private property of the FitzGeorge estate, will be built upon. The council asks for monetary help to prevent this taking place. If they succeed in obtaining an adequate answer to their appeal, their first step would be the acquisition of thirteen acres, which will secure a strip of woodland extending from the commons to the Robin Hood Gate of Richmond Park. The total area which they would like to acquire is a hundred and seventy-two acres and the average price is three hundred and six pounds per acre, which is below the rate bid recently in a similar case nearer the metropolis. The total cost of the land would be approximately fifty-two thousand seven hundred and seventy pounds; but of course it would be necessary to provide a margin for incidental expenses.

We have always known that the "English sparrow," as he is called in America, was under a severe ban in the United States; but the terms in which he is referred to in a recently issued bulletin of the American Department of Agriculture are scarcely less than ferocious. Imported originally to clear out a pest of caterpillars in Madison Square Gardens, he has gone on his way rejoicing, eating all that he finds and reducing the numbers of the native species, as is here stated, by destroying their eggs and turning them out of their nesting-places. We have no doubt of his eviction of better folk from their nests—we see our own house-martins frequent victims to this, his ruffianly behaviour; but does he molest their eggs? Of this we have no certain knowledge.

The bulletin proceeds to speak of him as "noisy and vituperative," which is not to be denied, though it is a rather venial offence compared with others, and he is also designated as "cunning, destructive and filthy." He is a bird that seems to have a sense of humour, so that we might well wish he could know of this terrific bombardment of epithets. "Filthy" is a little hard on him. He who dwells in smoky cities is obliged to get externally begrimed. The bulletinist, however, does grant him this final grace—which he would perhaps gladly be without—that his flesh is palatable and nutritious, stating further that he is often dished up and appreciated in American restaurants under the pseudonym of "reed-bird."

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF BIG GAME.

IS sport with the camera superior to sport with the gun? To this question the big-game-hunter would probably reply with a very decided negative. He finds his pleasure in stalking or otherwise circumventing his prey and then shooting it. In his hands the camera has been chiefly used as a means of preserving some pictures of his trophies. Latterly, however, there has sprung into existence a new type of sportsman whose aim is not the acquisition of trophies, but the obtaining of pictures of wild animals in their native and natural surroundings. Certainly if it came into fashion to hunt only with the camera, there would be a very much better chance of preserving rare wild animals. It is true that the photographer cannot hunt altogether without bloodshed. Even with all the resources at his disposal in the shape of flashlight powders and the telephoto lens he cannot eliminate the element of danger. There is always the chance that the animal whose photograph is being sought will turn and attack the man with the camera; and in such cases he is helpless unless he is able to shoot his assailant. This is all very clearly brought out in the most important book that has yet been published to show photographs of dangerous wild animals. It is "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," by A. Radclyffe Dugmore (Heinemann). If we mistake not, Mr. Dugmore went out with the Roosevelt expedition; but the volume he has written deals with his own adventures. In his day he, too, has been a hunter of big game, but he tells

us that now the idea of killing for the sake of killing has lost its fascination. He abandoned this pastime for photography because "Unquestionably the excitement is greater, and a comparison of the difficulties makes shooting in most cases appear as a boy's sport. The efficiency of the modern rifle greatly reduces the chance of failure, and consequently places the balance of chance too much in the sportsman's hands, while the difficulties of photography are lessened almost yearly by

the invention of better and more simple devices, with the result that pictures which hitherto were practically unobtainable are to-day becoming common. It will be but a few years before we shall see clubs and societies formed for the advancement of natural history photography; in fact, an important and wide-spreading one is now being organised, and before the year is past it will probably be an accomplished fact." The photographer of big game must acquire a more patient and detailed knowledge than the ordinary hunter. He must get much nearer, as photography at the outside range of a modern gun would be out of the question. It is in the struggle to get close that the danger arises. That being so, Mr. Radclyffe Dugmore's adventures make the most delightful reading. He started his real journey from Mombasa, going by Voi, Tsavo, Kiu and Nairobi, and saw from the railway carriage that abundance of wild life which is a wonder to every visitor to Africa. Close to the railway ran gazelles, wildebeeste, antelopes and herds of many other animals.



LARGE HERD OF GIRAFFE AND GRANT'S ZEBRA.

This shows the comparative size of the two strangely marked animals. Telephotograph at about three hundred yards.

After giving a graphic description of Nairobi, he expresses unbounded admiration for the manner in which the game are preserved in the district which stretches from the railway to German East Africa, and from Tsavo to Nairobi, constituting a huge reserve of ten thousand square miles. "One cannot help admiring the forethought which, profiting by the stupidity of other nations in the past, has led to watching over the animal population before it is too late, for there is no question as to the monetary value of these animals, which bring in so many sportsmen from all over the world." The first camp was at some distance from the station, and it was not very long before adventures began. One of the first of them occurred with a rhinoceros. He saw the animal select a suitable bush and apparently go to sleep beside it. There was no need for a telephoto lens in this case. He approached with his camera, accompanied by a friend with a .450 rifle and a couple of natives. They got within thirty yards of the rhino, when, some noise being made, "like a flash the big beast was up, and without waiting a minute he headed for us with tail erect and nostrils dilated, snorting as he came." The writer dryly remarks that it was a splendid sight, but not one to linger over. However, they let the animal approach still nearer, and when shot he was fifteen yards away. This is but one of many hair-breadth adventures. The most exciting night appears to have been one spent in pursuit of lions. They actually encountered twelve in one night. It was at Simba Camp, and they had been thinking of moving to a point nearer to the Thika River, when their attention was directed to a congregation of vultures apparently attracted by a lion's kill. It proved to be a hartebeest hidden among the grass under a high bank. The surroundings were ideal for flashlight photography. In the background were two overhanging thorn trees, and opposite them a high bank where the boma could be built in such a way as to control the situation most completely. In a great hurry the boma was built; three cameras were placed in line about nine or ten feet apart and nine yards from the kill. Two other cameras were in the boma. Everything was ready about half-past five and the party settled down to coffee and tobacco. They had just finished and darkness was settling fast when the first lions appeared. They were three in number, and came within twelve to fourteen yards of the party. When the button was pressed and the light flashed out with a report like a gun, the lions, frightened and startled, rushed away growling. No time was lost in getting the cameras and the flash once more in readiness, and the party crawled into

the boma with a feeling of intense relief, for it was not altogether pleasant to be outside with these fierce animals about. They waited for a couple of hours without anything happening. Then, about nine o'clock, the form of a lioness was faintly discernible coming slowly towards the kill. The lions appear to have been much frightened, but their roaring was heard at a distance. About two o'clock in the morning a low growl was heard announcing that they had returned, and in a short while three came into sight. The horrible growling never ceased for a moment, and eventually a fourth lion approached from the back of the boma. This one at one time was not more than three yards away from them. The animals were uncertain and suspicious, and it was a long time before one of them came down the bank. "When she was within a few feet of the kill we turned the electric light on her, and almost at the same moment released the flash shutters. After the severe strain which we had been undergoing, the sudden report of that flash sounded so loud that it actually startled us. The lions, instead of rushing away as they had done on previous occasions, retreated most deliberately, growling ominously as they went."

Occasionally the author came across rare and interesting animals. One of these he found during an ineffectual attempt to walk down buffaloes. In a thickly-wooded region he came across an animal which he took to be a young rhinoceros, but a second look proved it to be an animal which he had not met before. He says, "I was scarcely ready when it looked up, and as I pressed the shutter release I realised that the animal I was photographing was none other than the forest hog or giant bush pig (*Hylochoerus meinertzhageni*), one of the rarest animals in East Africa. This huge creature, the largest of the pigs, has only been known to science since 1904, when it was discovered, I believe, by Captain R. Meinertzhagen, and since that time very few specimens have been secured. In general appearance it differs from the wart hog, not only in size, but in the enormous wart-like excrescences protruding immediately below the eyes, and by the inconspicuousness of the tusks, which in the one I saw were practically invisible. The colour of this one was a decidedly reddish brown, but that may have been due to its having rolled in the dust, as it was of nearly the same tone as the sandy clay of the district. Needless to say, I was greatly delighted at such a stroke of good luck, for in my wildest dreams I had never expected to have an opportunity of photographing this rare and very shy animal."



LIONESS COMING TO WHAT WAS PRESUMABLY HER OWN KILL.

The flashlight was fired when the animal was but ten yards away.

There is a practical section of the book which will be read with great interest by those who are meditating similar expeditions. The man who goes to British East Africa must expect a trip of four or five months to cost him from one hundred and twenty-five pounds to two hundred pounds a month, reckoning from London and back. This is a moderate estimate. The economical man could do it for less, while the extravagant would certainly have plenty of opportunities of spending his money. A white guide is very useful if expense is no object. It seems to be the best plan to arrange with one of the outfitting companies at Nairobi, with offices in London and representatives in New York, who will undertake to do the outfitting for a given sum per gun, from about eighty pounds upwards, according to the country to be visited. In addition to this there are railway fares, hotel expenses, licences and riding animals. A most useful list of servants' supplies, etc., provided per person under the monthly "safari" contract is given, and also a list of the supplies necessary for servants.

In regard to clothing, one of the first essentials is that the equipment must be arranged so that it may be carried in sixty-pound loads. Boots are of great importance, and it is well to get accustomed to them before starting on the trip. A good pair of boots should last for at least four months. Gaiters or puttees must be worn. In the way of underclothing, wool is best and safest; but it shrinks under the washing of the tent boy. Knickerbockers are recommended in preference to long trousers, and any sort of jacket is good enough, as it is seldom worn except in the early morning or late evening or for night work. For tent equipment detailed directions are given, and for battery the author suggests a heavy .450 cordite double barrel. He would not on any account have a traveller take a single-barrelled weapon of this sort, as the photographer uses it only in an emergency, and in the case of a charging rhinoceros two shots will often be found necessary. A small-bore magazine rifle is recommended for most of the hunting. Field-glasses are the most necessary part of the equipment, and they must be carefully selected with reference to the country. In East Africa, as in all tropical countries, there is a great deal of haze, caused by the surface of the earth heating. These matters, however, have to a great extent been discussed by shooters of big game. The chapter on photographic hints and outfit is of more essential value. The force of the author's remarks will be seen from the following extract:

"The ordinary little hand camera with its short focus lens is practically useless. Only once in a while can one approach near enough to an animal to use it. I met a man in East Africa who, after seeing my attempts, which were the result of the best outfit obtainable and a lot of experience, remarked that he had had thousands of opportunities of photographing wild animals. If he had only thought of it sooner he would have had a splendid collection of pictures, and, anyhow, he was going to get it immediately, as he had a fine camera. This camera proved to be a small hand one, with a lens of six or seven inch focus. In order to make a picture of an animal the size of a hartebeest he would have to be within fifteen or twenty yards of it, and that is no easy task. The sort of camera necessary for the work is one of the long focus reflex type, equipped with convertible lens of high speed, and a telephoto lens of the greatest speed. The camera must be rigid enough to allow of the telephoto being used without danger of shaking."

A great deal has been said about the light in South Africa, and it is thought that instantaneous photographs are impossible. Mr. Radclyffe Dugmore does not confirm this. He says: "The light is good and very brilliant, though, perhaps,



SPOTTED HYENA COMING TO THE WATER.

Frightened hartebeest can be dimly seen in the background. (Flashlight, Yata Plains.)

the actinic rays are not quite so active as one might imagine." He tells us that the telephoto pictures which appear in the volume "were made with a hand camera usually without a tripod, the magnification ranging from three to five times (equal to an equivalent focal length of from forty to about sixty inches), and the exposure would be anything between a fortieth and a hundred and fiftieth part of a second. If the light were as weak as it is frequently believed to be this would not be possible. Of course, it is necessary to use a quick plate. Those I used were an American make of double-coated orthochromatic, and they gave perfect satisfaction. For all telephoto work the double-coated plates are advisable, as they decrease the amount of halation very considerably."

It would be misleading, however, to dwell too much on the technical and scientific part of this book. What we feel most about it is the charm of the open air. After all, it does not matter much what pursuits a man may follow so long as they carry him into the wild country. Mr. Radclyffe Dugmore, without much attempt at set descriptions of Nature or poetic word-painting, has been wonderfully successful in rendering the atmosphere of the splendid country in which his travels were made. Above him we constantly feel is the blue African sky, occasionally dimmed with heavy clouds and teeming with rain; around him uncultivated plains and wild woods, filled with the stern music made by the lions and other beasts of prey; while under the shadow of the trees and in the freedom of the plains

great herds of wild beasts, some of them bold and aggressive, some of them shy and timid, supply the figures in Nature's great pageant. On many occasions, almost in spite of himself, we find him exulting in that pellucid healthful air; and when it is necessary to mention the original inhabitants, even when the scent of their villages is not altogether odorous, we still feel that we are in contact with a primitive race well suited to the climate.

It is almost with apprehension that we read of the changes coming over the natives. They are being attracted to such small townships as Nairobi, where a quarter is about to be set apart for them with its bazaars and so forth. The Government seems intent on their wearing more clothes

of contact with the West, the African still clings to the modes of life and habits of thought that have been handed down to him from his distant ancestors.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE HORWOOD JERSEY SALE.

THE name of Dauncey was a household word among Jersey breeders all over the world in the days when the utility type was valued. The system of management followed at Horwood—the Buckinghamshire farm where the founder of the herd lived and died—has always been uniform if not unique. There are absolutely no buildings on the place except an open shed for milking, and the cows have always had to face the weather in the fields, protected only by fir plantations round the enclosures. The object was to produce a hardy race of milking cattle which would fill the pail and yield plenty of butter. Never was an object more fully attained by any breeder nor one the success of which has attracted fewer imitators. Yet there is still a remnant left who value the Dauncey blood and use it for the production of gold medal cows in the dairy tests. As cattle for the show-ring the old sort is out of fashion, and so no one expected to see fancy prices at the final dispersal sale which took place on February 3rd. It is some twenty years since Mr. Dauncey passed away, and I had good cause to remember the sale which took place after his death. I was there and bought some cows, which proved the best and most profitable dairy stock I ever had in my possession. They had no pretensions to beauty of form or adherence to the Island type. They were as big as Guernseys and coated like shorthorns, with well-developed udders and speens which were a handful for the milkers. Well, the herd has since been carried on by Mr. Dauncey on the same lines, and the cattle were considered nearly, if not quite, as good at the sale just over as those left by the founder of the herd. All the old characteristics were retained, and no attempt was made to prepare the animals for sale. Their appearance caused some amusement to the few representative modern breeders present, but some of them, nevertheless, gave a bid or two, and Mrs. McKintosh got a nice heifer for her fine herd at Havering for thirteen guineas. The highest price was thirty-three guineas, given by Mr. A. E. Baker for the five year old cow Bombazine. The average for the whole thirty-eight head was fifteen pounds seven shillings and elevenpence, and this modest result was thought very good considering that there were no fancy prices for show animals. Such was the end of an old and historic herd which had outlived its day, but has been of great use in its time and has left a strain of dairy cows in the country which may yet become valuable when, by proper organisation, the butter and cheese making industry in this country is revived and placed on a sound basis and made secure against fraud and misrepresentation.

A. T. M.

ILLUSTRATED FARMING.

We have passed through many phases of farming—the crude, the practical, the theoretical, and now we are in for the illustrated. Various are the ideas concerning it. But, seemingly, the livestock snap-shotter is to have a profitable future. Unhappily it is not every camera-man who knows how to pose an animal before he makes an exposure, and thus a bad animal portrait is worse than none at all. But that really good illustrations are appreciated is shown by the fact that at the annual meeting of the Devon Cattle Breeders' Society the following resolution was agreed to: "That as so many purchasers of Devon cattle from abroad complain that, compared with other breeds, Devons are so seldom seen in the best English illustrated agricultural papers, it shall be the duty of the council to get as many as possible of the first prize winners of this breed illustrated every year." At the last council meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society Mr. Adeane, chairman of the Finance Committee, reported that at the Brussels Exhibition there would be an agricultural exhibit, supported by the principal breed societies of this country, which would consist of photographs of the male and female animals of each breed, with a description in different languages, and the Exhibitions Branch of the Board of Trade would send out, free of expense to the societies, a duplicate exhibit to Buenos Ayres. The cost to the society would not be very much, and the Finance Committee thought the money would be well spent. It has often struck me that it would be of great



THREE VIEWS OF THE HIPPO ON THE TANA RIVER.

Showing the results obtained from the same point with double lens of eleven-inch focus (top); single lens, eight-inch (middle); and telephoto (lower).

than is customary among them at the moment; and, indeed, it is a grotesque spectacle to see these half-naked men and women stalking about in the little town which, although situated on the very outskirts of the British Empire, is already furnished with electric light, telephones and other resources of civilisation. Whether it would be possible or even desirable to make them into respectable orderly citizens, town dwellers instead of rovers, is a question not easy to answer. English experience in the past has shown that after many generations

value to have a few good farming illustrations hung on the walls of our village schools instead of the lion, the leopard and tropical plants so often seen depicted there to-day. In many foreign schools I have seen such illustrations. Why not have them here? A Somerset boy no more knows the appearance of a Southdown sheep than he does that of a Highland steer, yet he is familiar with the stripes of the tiger and zebra. The same applies to a Yorkshire lad with an Exmoor pony. Should not our village children know their own country's animals first?

ONE-MAN EXHIBITORS.

How often we hear the remark that So-and-So made the breed! On the other hand, we sometimes see that the height of prosperity brings attendant downfall. If we go through the catalogue of any leading show it will be seen that prize-winners comprise few names in nearly every breed that is exhibited, whereas often in a little country event the prizes are widely scattered. Why is it and how is it? Perhaps I have attended as many shows at home and abroad as any of the modern generation of agriculturists, and nearly everywhere I have found that medium-value prizes, and a lot of them, invariably bring larger competitions than bumper prizes and few of them. It soon gets around at the beginning of each show that Mr. Green has a rare one, Messrs. Jacob are equally as good, then other competitors sheer off. As it costs money to exhibit at any leading show, with prospect of non-monetary return, who therefore will do it? Few, very few. There is not only the preparation for the show; but entrance fees, rail fares, cartage, the herdsman's incidentals—all tot up. Thus the breed class is left to be monopolised by one or two exhibitors. Then the society that provides the prizes thinks that it is not getting value for money from a spectator's point of view. The classes are cut down until they are cut out of the schedule altogether. This is the state of affairs that has overtaken the Devon long-woolled breed, a very popular one in the western portions of Somerset. At the annual meeting of the Devon Long-woolled Sheep Breeders' Society, Nemesis appeared to be on its track. First the secretary read a letter from the Somerset County Agricultural Association, drawing the society's attention to the fact that the entries in the Devon long-woolled classes at the County Show for the past few years had been very unsatisfactory, and last year the climax was reached, for the association then offered £18 in three classes, and there was only one exhibitor. This was most discouraging to the association, especially as so many Devon long-woolled sheep were kept in the county. There was more trouble, as the secretary said that he had written to the Bath and West Society stating that "great surprise had been expressed by sheep-breeders that such a course as the entire omission from the Bath and West prize schedule for 1910 of all classes for Devon long-woolled sheep had been adopted by that society, as this breed was one of the oldest and most important in the West of England." To this came the reply, from Mr. T. F. Plowman, that "the Devon long-woolled classes were omitted because exhibitors, except when the show was held in Devon, had been for some years past very few in numbers." Thus the breed has by its own neglect put itself outside the pale of competition,

and there are other breeds that are getting perilously near the same state, societies evidently not believing in one-man benefits. If one would seek a contrast to these dwindling classes one need only look at the Royal Dublin Society's Spring Show at Balls Bridge. No other society offers such an



A BATCH OF WHEELERS TAKING MORNING EXERCISE.

extended monetary list by means of the Government premiums, which carries the money on to otherwise barren honours' backs; and where is there such a competition? At the French Spring Show the prizes are numerous and so are the occupants of the various classes.

SHOULD EXHIBITORS TAKE TWO PRIZES?

Here is another troublesome state of affairs that confronts the exhibitor. Some societies will permit an exhibitor to make as many entries as he likes and confine him to taking one prize. This is very fair, and few indeed can demur at any exhibitor proving that he has two strings to his bow. Then there are those schedules that allow a man to monopolise the class provided that he makes entries numerous and good enough for the purpose. This at once leads to the one-man exhibitor. In still other instances an exhibitor may win the prizes but only take the cash value of one. Thus the cash goes on to the next exhibitor in merit without the honour, which is obviously unfair. Each steward should be provided with a list of the duplicates in the class when the judges have made their decisions and it is found an exhibitor has been placed first and second. The latter should be struck out and third put in second position. No mention would go to the struck-out animal, and thus no hardship would ensue to anyone. This system has been used with great advantage with duplicate exhibits at the Brewers' Exhibition in London. There it has tended to increase alike the number of entries and competitors.

E. W.

MR. VANDERBILT'S COACH HORSES

The accompanying pictures represent a few of Mr. Vanderbilt's coach horses, which have been wintering at Kingsbury during the last six months. After the first coaching season Mr. Vanderbilt decided to try the effect



SOME OF THE GREYS WAITING FOR DINNER.

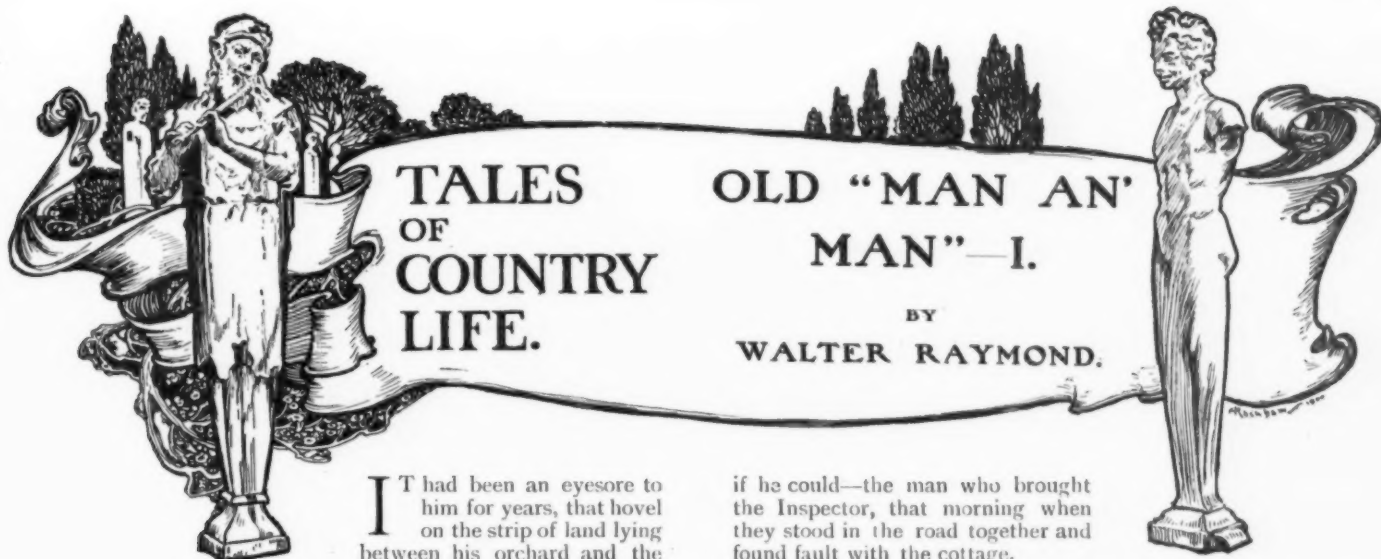
of wintering his coach horses in this country instead of selling them and making an entirely new lot, as he had done in 1908, and with this end in view at the end of last August he sent as many horses as he would require for this year's "Venture" to his farm at Kingsbury, where they have been turned out rough ever since. The result on these American-bred horses, which this time last year were more or less weak and green after their long journey from the Western States of America to New York, where they had been purchased and broken in by Mr. Vanderbilt immediately prior to their transportation to this country, has been perfectly astonishing. Many of the horses which were used more appropriately last year as leaders have thickened out, and are certainly now of the stamp of the typical wheeler. The horses are now just being jolled and gradually got fit for the arduous season which is in store for them on the Brighton road. There is a rumour abroad that the "Venture" will this year run a different route to Brighton, *via* Dorking, Horsham, Cowfold and Henfield, instead of, as last year, by Reigate, Horley and Handcross; but be that as it may, there is no doubt that the cheery sound of the horn will gladden the hearts of whichever neighbourhood Mr. Vanderbilt likes to choose for the run.



W. G. Meredith.

ST. BRIEUX.

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

OLD "MAN AN' MAN"—I.

BY
WALTER RAYMOND.

It had been an eyesore to him for years, that hovel on the strip of land lying between his orchard and the high road, and on a beautiful morning in early June, when the heads of the apple trees were covered in blossom, of which every petal wore a blush more delicate than the thought of love upon a young maid's cheek, he stopped and looked at it again.

He was waiting for his letters. In haste to be off, he had walked impatiently beyond the village into the high road to watch for the postman, who was late. The fellow was always behind now. Mr. John Creed was exactly in the humour to note every detail of that squalid habitation, which he himself had described to the Inspector as "not fit for a sow to litter in and a disgrace to the parish." To begin with, the foundation of the house was laid in theft. Some squatter, a hundred years ago, or more, when things were not looked after in Hazelgrove so well as to-day, set up a hut on the wayside strip, a shanty of boards that grew in time into three mud walls and a pointing-end of stone, with a low thatched roof and a little squat chimney of red brick. Then a garden had been enclosed, and at last the waste became exalted into a property. Some later owner had even sunk a well. So although the place could boast of only one door and two small rooms opening one into the other, it must at some time have enjoyed a period of better circumstances. That time was gone. The mossy roof sank down between the rafters and hung on them like a sodden garment. The stone wall was shored up on the outside by means of a plank and a good stiff pole, and yet a broad chink gaped between the mud and the pointing-end. Upon one side of the chimney the bricks were falling away. Of two windows, neither larger than a man's pocket-handkerchief, one was smothered and hidden under a dirty, ragged old sack. As a crowning incongruity (when looked at in its relation to so antiquated, so primitive a dwelling) a lean-to, roughly constructed by means of three posts and two sheets of corrugated iron, stood at one end to afford a shelter for Jakey Barton's little cart. Mr. John Creed knew what ought to be done. Such a cottage was only fit to be pulled down and cleared away. The hedges should be grubbed out, the garden thrown into the orchard and planted with young growing trees. A cheap pump over the well, and a better gate close by—then the water would be worth its weight of a dry summer. As to Jakey himself, he ought to be sent into the Union to be taken care of. There could be no question as to that. He would be cleaner, happier and altogether better off. Thank Heavens! the property did not belong to anyone in Hazelgrove. The owner lived miles away, and Mr. John Creed had made him a fair offer to buy it years ago. Yet the man refused—hoping, no doubt, because of the frontage, to get a ridiculous price.

But these reflections were suddenly brought to a stop by the appearance of Jakey Barton, who, having silently propped open the gate with one of the chimney bricks, dragged his cart towards the road. The figure of the man and the odd proportions of the vehicle were in keeping with the old tumble-down cottage whence they came. Jakey Barton was misshapen from birth. His barrow was the unassisted product of a peculiar genius hiding somewhere between a humped back and a narrow chest which was certainly pigeon-breasted. He would have been tall if he had not been so crooked. Made up of odd angles everywhere, the strange behaviour of his knees and ankles made one think of a daddy-long-legs. His face was overgrown with unkempt hair and beard, making it difficult to guess his age. He had been like that when John Creed was a boy. His barrow was a starch-box, two mop-stems and a pair of perambulator wheels, and he appeared to be intent upon steering it between the gateposts. But he was sullen and would not look at Mr. John Creed—the man who would put him in "The House"

if he could—the man who brought the Inspector, that morning when they stood in the road together and found fault with the cottage.

Yet it was worth anyone's while to look at Mr. John Creed—a man of forty, 5ft. 11in., dark-haired, fresh-complexioned and straight-grown as the stem of a Scotch fir. Mr. John Creed had a merry eye, a well-nourished cheek and a handsome moustache. He was in riding breeches and gaiters, wore a light tweed jacket and stood with his legs apart, a very model of stability and comfortable respectability. He was said to be stubborn, but always good-natured. Certainly he bore no ill-will towards Jakey Barton, the cottage or the cart. But the thing made a scandal in Hazelgrove. Mr. John Creed hated a scandal and dearly loved the parish of Hazelgrove. It is only fair to say that his action in the matter of the Inspector was not prompted in the least by his desire to buy the strip of land. The house was not according to the regulations. He might sometimes be narrow, but John Creed was never mean.

"Hullo, Jakey. Going out round again? What job have you got on hand this morning then?"

Mr. John Creed spoke in the breezy, hearty manner of a well-to-do who sometimes patronises an inferior in order to assure himself that there is no false, stuck-up pride about him.

"Birds'-meat," grunted Jakey.

"Oh! Bit of groundsel, bit of shepherd's-purse for the canary-birds in their cages in the town, eh? Why, Jakey, you must be making a fortune. One day carrier—next day merchant—and then the mushrooms, the blackberries and sloes, and all the little crops that a man like you can take in for nothing. Jakey, you're the only man I know clever enough to reap without sowing."

For the first time the cripple looked up, but his glance was dark and angry. "I never begged o' you, Mr. John Creed," he growled. "As between man an' man, I tell you, I'm none too crooked to get on very well, if—if only a few good friends would but leave me to myself."

"Don't be angry, my man. There is no ill-will towards you. I swear to God I never clap eyes on Jakey Barton without the wish to see him better off—better off and better cared for."

To this Jakey made no response, but slowly dragged away his cart, scanning the hedgerow bank and sometimes stopping to gather birds'-meat as he went. That was one of his stock phrases—as between man an' man—and half the village nicknamed him by it.

And just then the postman came in sight.

"Come, come! You are late. How is this?" shouted Mr. John Creed in a tone of banter.

"Only one for you, sir," replied the postman.

"Oh! That's a measly excuse, I call it—that you've had to bring me no correspondence."

The postman laughed. To him Mr. John Creed was always a "thorough good sort."

Mr. John Creed tore open his one letter and read:

Some time ago you offered me a price for my cottage on the Hazelgrove road. Please say by return of post whether you still wish to buy it, as otherwise I shall put it up to auction at once.

He laughed. "Getting worried by the authority, I suppose," he muttered to himself.

"Here, postman, stop one moment. I can't go home to write. Just send a wire for me." He tore an unused half-sheet from the letter and wrote in pencil:

I stand by my offer, John Creed.

"There, postman. Send that. That's sixpence. And here's a glass for yourself."

When it became known that Mr. John Creed had bought the tumble-down old cottage from the approaching Midsummer Day there was wonder in Hazelgrove as to where old "man an' man" would go. He had lived in it so long that the village could not imagine him in any other place. Cottages were scarce. People were hungry for them in that neighbourhood and snapped them up before they were empty. No farmer was likely to take such a tenant, even if he had a house vacant, when he could pick and choose among half-a-dozen respectable, hard-working men with families to bring up. John Peters, the carter, said that "was but reason." Isaac Jeans, the shepherd, affirmed that it was "nothing but right." The future of Jakey was discussed over many a quart of cider. The parish, seeing clearly that Jakey would now have to go into the workhouse, comfortably agreed "and a very good thing too."

Mr. John Creed did not hurry himself. He was a busy man. After the completion of the purchase several days elapsed before he found time to inspect his new property. Then he strolled down the street of a morning as before, entered the garden and rapped upon the cottage door. No answer. He tapped more loudly with the handle of his walking-stick. No reply. Mr. John Creed took the opportunity to glance around. He probed the crack, surveyed the pole and plank by which the wall was buttressed and pulled a handful of brittle dusty thatch from the low eaves. But when he came to admire the corrugated shed his eyes twinkled and a ripple of amusement passed over his face. Then he chuckled to himself. At last he laughed outright as he went back and knocked a third time with greater emphasis than before. Still there was neither sound nor movement.

"Come, Barton. No hiding; for I know you are there."

Not so much as a mouse moved within.

"Do you hear, you old fox? I saw your cart under the shed."

A footstep slowly crossed the house. The door was partly opened and the dishevelled head of Jakey Barton looked out. He made no salutation and said not a word. He merely stared and blinked at Mr. John Creed.

"Come, this is terribly bad manners, Jakey," laughed the new landlord, "to let a visitor stand about and knock twice."

"What do 'ee want?"

"The cottage is mine now. I suppose you've heard? So I just came to have a word with you."

"You mid rest yourself easy I do always pay my rent. Zo you'll find. I shall zend w'out asking. I never ha'n't been a week behind in my rent all my life," said the old man, and withdrew his head in order to close the door.

But Mr. John Creed managed to put his foot on the threshold, so that he could not be altogether shut out.

"Stop!" cried he, with tolerant good-humour. "I know you are an excellent tenant, but the law will have its way. It has made up its mind that the house is not fit to be a dwelling, and so—"

"'Tis good enough for I," interrupted Jakey.

"But it's not according to the regulations, Jakey; so you must take notice to quit."

"I can't find nowhere else to go to," retorted Jakey, angrily.

"You shall have time to look. Getting around the country as you do, you'll soon chance on something to suit your wants—"

"I tell 'ee, I can't. There idden no other place 'pon this mortal earth to suit. An' zo, between man an' man, that's flat." Jakey's eyes glowed under his bushy brows, and his voice rose almost to a shriek.

"Oh, you'll find a place—a better place. And I shall not hurry you. Say a month. Saturday four weeks, Barton. How will that do? Four weeks Saturday next. Do you hear? 'Tis not me—'tis the law. And then this has got to be pulled down," Mr. John Creed replied in a tone of genial optimism, and unconsciously withdrew his foot.

In a moment the door was slammed and the bolt drawn.

As Mr. John Creed, after this brief interview, walked across to decide about the mowing of a field of grass, he suffered a misgiving that he might have a bother with this excellent tenant. But July brought a glorious sunshine. Everybody in Hazelgrove who held land became busy with the hay; so the matter quickly passed out of his thoughts. But regularly of a Saturday afternoon Jakey promised one of the village children a halfpenny to carry his shilling and a well-thumbed penny account-book to the house. The instructions given were strict: payment was to be entered and the rent-book brought back, remuneration being dependent upon the complete success of the mission. Except on these occasions, it was noticed that old "man an' man" was rarely to be seen, and that he no longer picked groundsel and shepherd's-purse by the high road near to Hazelgrove.

With the coming of an early harvest, the four weeks' notice might probably have been overlooked; but Mr. John Creed was

not the man to inflict silence on others wherever he appeared. To his credit, he was fully established to be "one you could speak to." One day at noon, when the haymakers were sitting at their lunch on the shady side of the last rick, he happened to ride out to see how the work was getting on. Everything that season had gone first rate.

"Two tons to the acre, I'll warrant 'tis," said John Peters, as he sliced an onion, holding it in his palm.

"An' not a drop o' rain upon it," added Isaac Jeans as, after drinking, he politely wiped the mouth of the bottle with his hand.

Mr. John Creed said nothing, but glanced at the four corners of his rick and looked pleased.

"I can't hear, sir, that old 'man an' man' have a-got another cottage," said carter Peters, with his mouth full.

"He do hold he can't be turned out by law so long as he do pay the rent," grinned Isaac Jeans.

Then all the haymakers laughed, partly at the oddity of this wild opinion of old "man an' man," but also because they were looking forward to a little drama in Hazelgrove.

"Is that his notion?" laughed Mr. John Creed, as he turned his horse and rode away at a walk.

The remarks of his labourers set him thinking. He was a good-hearted man, but it does not do to allow one's self to be trifled with. He could detect something more behind. When speaking of the rent Isaac Jeans knew more than he said. Yet it does not do to listen to the tattle of the men. If old Barton were determined to lock his door and stay it would be a fine job to get him out—and expensive, too. Yet it does not do to be defied. On the other hand, it would never do to throw a wretched cripple's few sticks of furniture into the road. There are so many things, when a man is a churchwarden and a member of the board of guardians and very respectable, that will not do. And it was he who had called attention to the uninhabitable condition of the cottage. He took the whim to ride round and look at it again. He cantered across the hayfield to a gate opening upon a narrow drove, impassable in winter and in the summer little used. There, hidden between overgrown hedgerows, he came suddenly upon the groundsel-picker with his cart.

"Well, Barton! Have you got a house yet?"

"No. An' ben't likely to. None but the one I be in," growled the old fellow.

"You do not try, my man. The month is almost up. You have only one week more."

"I do pay my rent an' that's enough. If the wet do come in, or if the bricks do fall, I do keep silence an' pay my rent. What business is it to other folk? The house is good enough for me an' you do get your rent. You might grumble, to be sure, if I did keep 'ee out o' your rent."

Old Jakey stepped down into the ditch and picked groundsel as if he had not the patience or could not spare the time to insist further upon so obvious a contention.

Mr. John Creed felt sorry for him. "I tell you what it is, Barton. Take the old cottage up by the wood at the same price. There are two rooms, just as you have here, and a better garden. It will just do for you."

Old "man an' man" raised his head and half turned to look over his humped shoulder. "Ha'n't you got eyes in your head to zee," cried he, sharply, "that my poor lags can't walk up and down stairs?"

It was impossible to be insensible to the pathos of this lament. Yet it did but confirm the opinion, many times expressed, that Barton would be better in the workhouse and comfortably cared for. Mr. John Creed did not say so. It could do no good. And it would not answer to refuse the rent. The old man would but stay rent-free. But this constant harping on the word suggested another plan.

"You have not tried, Barton. Perhaps you may have to pay a trifle more. Now I shall send you a written week's notice to quit, and at the same time raise the rent to half-a-crown. You can get a better house for less money. You have to go, and this is to make you attend to the matter."

Jakey did not answer.

"Do you hear?"

"My hearing is so good as another's, thank God!" Jakey climbed from the ditch and packed his plants neatly in the cart with the air of one who will not be hindered.

Mr. John Creed chose to take this very ambiguous reply for acquiescence. Comforting himself with the thought that Barton could never afford to pay half-a-crown, he dismissed all doubt with the reflection that it would be easy enough to return Jakey the difference when he came to vacate the house. The sun was shining. A brood of young thrushes went fluttering along the hedgerow. Everything was living, growing, prosperous and contented. By the time Mr. John Creed reached the end of the grassy drove and turned into the dusty road he had quite forgotten the condemned cottage and its miserable tenant in the sense of his own well-being.

(To be continued.)

IN THE GARDEN.

PRUNING ROSES.

ALTHOUGH these notes are more appropriate to the month of March than to February, they are written to warn those whose knowledge of Roses is not extensive that cutting back any shoots now, whether of the dwarf or rambling kinds, is a mistake. Many regard warm February days as a time of activity in the garden, and the Roses are frequently the first to succumb to the zeal of the pruner. The best general season is the second week in March, and for the Tea and Hybrid Tea kinds early in April. It is the previous year's growth that must be pruned back to three inches, and that measurement is taken from where growth starts. Roses recently planted should be cut back severely, even the climbing and rambling kinds which many are perplexed to know the right way to deal with.

This type should not be pruned, except slightly in the spring of the year; but immediately the flowering is over, then all old and worn-out shoots should be ruthlessly removed. There must be no half measures; and the same drastic treatment in the case of most flowering shrubs will bring a richer display of bloom. The neglect of this work is noticeable in many gardens—Lilacs a mass of useless shoots and suckers, and Roses flowering less freely each year because of the redundant and, therefore, unnecessary growth. All classes of Roses must not be treated alike. The Hybrid Tea kinds of moderate or weakly growth should be pruned as follows: Remove the soft shoots and retain about two inches, not more, of last year's wood. Belonging to this section are such Roses as Annie Marie Souper, David Harum, Elizabeth Kitto, Lady Mary Fitzwilliam, Liberty, Mme. Cadeau Ramey, Marquise Litta, Mildred Grant, Mrs. W. J. Grant, Paul Ledé and White Lady. Those of medium growth require different treatment. Prune away the soft growth and thin out the weakly wood; then cut back the strong growths of last year to within three inches of the base. Sometimes a large bush is desired, and then little pruning is needful; but every plant must be gone over thoroughly in the spring for the purpose of removing dead wood. I enjoy large Rose bushes, burdened with a wealth of flowers, and have such kinds as the following in perfection (this list may be useful to the readers of these notes, as there is still time to plant): Augustine Guinoisseau, Camoens, Captain Christy, Clara Watson, Dean Hole, Earl of Warwick, Ecarlate, Frau L. Rautenstrauch, G. L. Paul, Grand Duc de Luxembourg, Institutteur Sirdey, Irish Beauty, Irish Harmony, Joseph Hill, Kaiserin Augusta, Victoria, Killarney, Königin Carola, La France, Le Progrès, Mme. E. Metz, Mme. J. Grolez, Mme. Ravary, Marquise de Salisbury, Mrs. E. G. Hill, Mrs. Peter Blair, Papa Gontier, Perle von Godesberg, Prince de Bulgarie, Souvenir de Mme. E. Verdier and Souvenir de Président Carnot.

With regard to the vigorous Roses, as in the other cases, cut out weakly shoots, also very old growths, to give the young wood space for development. Prune the last year's wood to three inches of the



ABNORMAL GOLDEN-RAYED LILY.

base if flowers of exceptional form are desired; but if the plants are for the decoration of the garden only, the shoots may be even ten inches long. It is a pity that the plan of pegging down the shoots is not more adopted. Select only the long, well-ripened shoots, bend them over carefully and peg them into the soil. Flowers will then appear in profusion. The collection should contain Bardou Job, Betty, Caroline Testout, Charles J. Grahame, Countess of Annesley, Countess of Caledon, Dorothy Page-Roberts, Etoile de France, Florence Pemberton, Gladys Harkness, Gloire Lyonnaise, Grace Darling, Gustav Grunerwald, Irish Elegance, Irish Glory, La Tosca, Lady Moyra Beauclerc, Lady Wenlock, Lyon Rose, Mme. Abel Chatenay, Mme. Pernet-Ducher, Mme. Wagram, Melanie Souper, Mrs. Aaron Ward, Peggy, Pharisae, Princess Bonnie, The Dandy, Viscountess Folkestone, Warrior, W. F. Lippiat, William Shean and Yvonne Vacherot.

Several of the strongest growing of our Roses may be planted against pillars or fences, and either in groups or as standards the effect of the wealth of flowers is exceptionally fine. When the Rose is to be used as a climber, the finest of last year's growths must be allowed to remain, only just shortening them back. Shorten the laterals back to three inches. Take away worn-out and pithy wood, as this does not bear satisfactory flowers. Beautiful Roses of this type are Ards

Pillar, Cheshunt Hybrid, Climbing Captain Christy, Climbing Caroline Testout, Climbing K. A. Victoria (which is one of my favourite kinds), Climbing La France, Climbing Mrs. W. J. Grant, François Crousse, Grüss an Teplitz, Gustave Regis, Lady Waterlow which is one of the more recent acquisitions, and has flowers with shell-like petals of tenderest pink shades), Mme. Alfred Carrière, Mme. H. Leuilliot, Morgenrot, Noella Nabonnand, Pink Rover, Purity, Reine Olga de Wurtemberg and the Waltham Climbers.

THE PEONY AS A CUT FLOWER.

THE illustration shows one of the most decorative of flowers prettily grouped in a border. Wherever the Peony is placed, it always has, if we may so express it, a regal splendour, the large flaunting blooms adapting themselves especially to floral arrangements that are carried out on a large scale; but, of course, it brings to the garden its most powerful colouring when the summer is at its zenith. The greatest satisfaction is obtained when only one variety is used by itself; that is, unless the greatest care is taken, an unpleasant clashing of shades will be the result of mixing, whether in the

garden or in the house, several kinds together. The Peony may be planted now, if the soil has been prepared with some care; but in a good loam, to which a liberal quantity of manure has been added, it will soon spread, although it must never be forgotten by the impatient that this plant is not of quick growth. It is a flower for the shade, too, and many a border of warm colouring have I seen beneath the over-spreading boughs of some deciduous tree. A Peony border is full of charm, and the wealth of varieties now at command, thanks chiefly to Messrs. Kelway and Son of Langport, gives full opportunities for sumptuous flower displays. In



A PEONY GROUP.

cold districts, when the buds are swelling, protect the plants from frost, which occasions much damage in cold springs. There is beauty, too, in the crimson shoots pushing through the soil, and the yellow of the Daffodil is a charming foil.

SWEET PEAS FROM CUTTINGS.

In the "Sweet Pea Annual" just published by the National Sweet Pea Society there is an instructive note by Mr. J. Chishold on a way of growing this beautiful and popular flower that is seldom adopted, namely, from cuttings. That correspondent writes: "That it is no new thing to raise Sweet Peas from cuttings I am well aware, but, so far as I have been able to discover, this method of propagation is followed only for the purpose of increasing the stock of new and expensive varieties. Even how far this method is desirable I am not prepared to say; but when one pays a long price for seeds or has new seedlings of one's own to maintain and increase, their propagation by cuttings is a very considerable help, and I have found that, under certain conditions, plants raised from cuttings produce a better seed crop than do the seedlings themselves. But I wish now to briefly draw attention to a method of providing Sweet Peas for conservatory decoration and more early flowering. From seeds sown under glass in September we obtain plants that yield growths suitable for cuttings in November. Three cuttings, sometimes four, are placed in a three-inch pot, in light soil, and put in a warm house until rooted. They are then transferred to a cool house and grown steadily. With plenty of light and a free circulation of air the plants make steady growth, and when they have filled the pots with their roots each potful is transferred to a five-inch or

six-inch pot. No crocks are used for drainage beyond one over the drainage hole, and this is covered with a good layer of crushed bones, while bone-meal is freely used in the potting compost. I am quite sure that from the bone-manure thus used the plants derive their chief food supply. Under this treatment and given carefully-trimmed sticks for supports, Sweet Peas will grow to a height of from ten feet to thirteen feet, and flower practically from base to summit, even in these comparatively small pots." An illustration is given in the "Annual" of the plants in flower in the conservatory at Wotton House, Dorking, in early spring. The writer continues: "I may add that these same plants, after having flowered freely under glass, were planted out of doors against a trellis at the end of June last year, and that they continued to flower freely, and they seeded far better than did plants raised from seed." C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PROLIFIC GOLDEN-RAYED LILY.

SIR,—I am enclosing you a photograph of a *Lilium auratum* grown in our greenhouse here, and which I think may be of interest to your readers. It shows forty-five blooms on the stem.—MARGARET CHALONER, Gisboro' Hall, Guisborough, Yorks.

[An instance of abnormal flower development which is the outcome of a fasciated stem. This beautiful lily is prone to this departure from the correct form.—ED.]

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY AT HOME.

IT used to be the fashion to sneer at the amateur photographer's efforts at portraiture; nowadays, with equal unreasonableness, he is more often congratulated on his "luck" in obtaining likenesses of his friends. People are waking up to a realisation of the simple truth that the imperative desideratum in a portrait is that it should resemble the sitter. One would have thought that this was obvious; nevertheless, a very few years ago the average professional camera-portrait, with its excessive retouching and its smooth and waxwork-like immobility, enjoyed a vogue which caused the amateur's "snap" to be laughed at, not because of its poor technique, but because of its sheer accuracy. It was, perhaps, a little cruel sometimes; but at least it was literal, whereas the old professional production was almost impudently flattering. We still, doubtless, like to be flattered, and it is notorious, among

busy professionals, that male clients are more prone to this failing than the alleged weaker sex; but the downright effectiveness of the amateur's crude "snap" has begun to tell, and we demand recognisability first and idealisation only second. The best professionals have themselves very creditably endeavoured to train public opinion in this matter. Even now, however, there is a great deal of foolish and theatrical studio portraiture being turned out—"you pay your money and you take your choice" in this, as in all other bargains—and the show-cases of the minor workers often call to mind Miss La Creevy's observation that "there are only two kinds of portrait painting, the serious and the smirk," but on the whole the trend towards quiet naturalism is steady and marked. And though, as we say, a certain number of the more conscientious—and, significantly, the more successful—professionals have always kept at the forefront



Speaight.

A MUSIC LESSON.

Copyright.

of this movement, its origin lies, really, with the amateur and his once scorned "snap-shots."

Wherein was the amateur's portrait better than the professional's? It was more life-like. In spite of inferior technique and coarse finish it not seldom succeeded precisely where the professional's failed; it instantly and with vividness called to mind the personal, living image of the individual represented. Our friend stood before us, in the amateur's print, just as he would stand in life: not "dressed up" for the occasion, not "posing" in any sense of the word, and—most valuable of all—wearing a characteristic expression of face due, quite probably, to some fine tracery of wrinkles which the studio retoucher might have been inspired to remove as a blemish. These merits are not "luck." They are the inevitable result of, so to speak, allowing the camera to mind its own business and do its drawing in its own beautiful and nearly automatic way. Effect follows cause with rigid precision, and if the likeness does happen to be a bad one, the sitter is to blame rather than the photographer or his tools. But it was not only the amateur's fortunate incompetence to retouch his negative which made for its superiority. Far more vital was the amateur's lack of a studio.

Originally the professional's studio was built, no doubt, with the sole aim of providing a workshop better lit than the ordinary room. The excuse was valid in the era of slow plates and torturingly long exposures. Plates now have been speeded up amazingly, and electric and vapour lamps have come to the aid of, or as substitutes for, daylight, so the glass-house pattern of studio has grown less essential than it once was;



J. Allan.

THE SCOTCH EXPRESS.

Copyright

and, in fact, the best professionals are abandoning it more or less completely. Some of its conventions have, however, endured, at any rate among the less advanced and artistic practitioners. We still occasionally suffer from its stagey methods of illuminating the face, its unreal backgrounds, its "fake" furniture, pasteboard rockeries, rustic stiles and castle balustrades. From the best studios these latter absurdities have vanished; but the professionals who deal with a lower-class public still stock a laughably grotesque jumble of so called accessories wherewith to tempt the uneducated sitter, and use these accessories with a bland indifference to their appropriateness. Specimens of the results produced are hung in frames outside these strange emporiums of self-deception, and show exactly what might have been foreseen, namely, a series of fixed simpers diversified by stares of positive vacuity. For it is not merely that the ensemble produced by the employment of palpably shoddy accessories is unconvincing, though this is bad enough. The artificiality extends to the sitter. Surrounded by such stuff of dreams, he himself is influenced mentally and begins to lose all naturalness. Five minutes after he has entered the studio it is virtually impossible to get a good likeness of him. The atmosphere of the place is alien and exotic. He does not and cannot feel at home. Unconsciously he puts on an expression in keeping with his surroundings; and, as few of us are histrionic by nature, the expression he usually adopts is that fatal one of "being photographed." The amateur's snap-shot escapes this defect, partly because the affair is, as a rule, impromptu. There are no formal



S. L. Coulthurst.

THE NEW GOWN.

Copyright.

preparations, no laborious posings to disconcert the subject of the picture, or to alarm him into expressionlessness. Frequently enough he is even taken without his own knowledge, and these hand-camera shots are occasionally the prime successes. Even more salient in the amateur's success is his use of natural surroundings and genuine backgrounds. The sitter is taken in his own house or garden; he is literally "at home," and not only does this cause him to be wholly at his ease, both in attitude and expression, but the setting of the portrait becomes, in a sense, part of the portrait itself, in a manner quite foreign from the setting of a studio portrait. Furthermore, the entire picture, because of this completeness, is an infinitely more valuable record of facts and of personality than the studio product, and for this reason will last longer, as a possession.



S. L. Coulthurst.

SISTERLY HELP.

These reflections were aroused by the receipt of a bundle of figure-study photographs, taken in picturesque old-world interiors, some of which we reproduce in the accompanying pages. They are not ideal; indeed, it would be possible to criticise them rather severely on several scores. But they may serve as suggestions for some ambitious amateurs, and may even throw out a hint for the progressive professional, who, with such fine material at his command, might, no doubt, have done far better. At all events, home portraiture, more or less along the lines of the examples we reproduce this week, ought, we fancy, to become an important branch of the camera art of the future, and the clever and educated photographer who would make a speciality of bringing his apparatus to his customers' own houses, instead of attempting to induce a visit to his studio, should be able to initiate a fashion far preferable to the present one. Country dwellers in particular would appreciate the innovation, for in many country houses there are "settings" for portraits, waiting ready-made, inimitable in every respect and full of dear memories for their inhabitants. Our pictures delineate some nooks in a delightful old hall, particularly suited to the purpose; but even the modern mansion provides backgrounds in plenty, any one of which, from the sitter's point of view, would be of intense personal

interest. In ten or twenty years' time there can be no question that the sitter's friends or descendants will think a great deal more highly of the at-home portrait than of any stereotyped studio picture, faultless though the latter may at first sight seem to have been; and the entire congruity of the home surroundings will not only be of permanent satisfaction as a historical record, but will tend to naturalness of expression and, therefore, truth to life. One or two hints may be offered, in conclusion, to those of our amateur readers who would like to attempt indoor portraiture of the type which we illustrate. In the first place, it must be clearly understood that the brightest indoor lighting cannot compare with that outside, and a consequent allowance must be made in the exposure. An exposure meter, placed in some convenient position, on a chair or table or

hung on the wall, before the sitter takes his place, will give its warning—and this should attentively be obeyed; for under-exposure, with its resultant harshness, is the bugbear of portraiture. A soft negative is our aim, and particularly is this so when the picture is to include deep shadows, the violent highlights of windows, and the peculiarly delicate half-tone of the human complexion. If the illumination admits, and if the sitter is able to remain motionless long enough, a light isochromatic screen will help the complexion marvellously, "rendering retouching unnecessary," as the advertisements somewhat naively put it. Very fast isochromatic plates are now on the market and, whether a screen be used or no, may well be employed for subjects containing such a range as do these interiors. They must be bought ready backed, or the window outlines will be blurred by halation. To back isochromatic plates with one's own hand is false economy; their liability to dark-room fog is extreme. Care must be taken to handle them as little as possible in the dark-room lamp's light; the wisest plan is to learn to place them in the slides in total darkness, working by the sense of touch alone. Once they are in the developer they may be exposed to the lamp with greater impunity; but even then they should only be glanced at before the dish is again covered. With regard to the actual manipulation of the camera in interior portraiture, two or three points may be noted. The first is that, however cramped the accommodation, it does not pay to use a wide-angled lens. It renders the room itself satisfactorily enough, but the sitter will appear painfully distorted. Large rooms should, therefore, if possible, be chosen as the scene of the experiment and the camera placed as far from the sitter as it will go; if too much is included the print can be trimmed, or a portion only of the negative enlarged, pleasing perspective being the outcome of this precaution. All three feet of the camera's tripod should be on one rug or carpet, or the apparatus may slip; if no rugs are available, the points of the tripod must be most carefully fixed, or the whole apparatus may collapse on the smooth floor. When a good position has been found, it is wise to tie the legs of the tripod together with a string so that they cannot spread. If practicable the lens of the camera should be at the sitter's eye-level; but if the sitter is taken from some distance off this rule need not be adhered to; either a low or a high position of the camera may be adopted as convenient. M.

Copyright

either a low or a high position of the camera may be adopted as convenient. M.

ITALIAN HOURS.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S reputation is too great to require any recommendation. Without wishing to enter into a discussion on the literary rank he will take in the eyes of posterity, it may be safely asserted that to-day he occupies an unique and exalted position among contemporary writers, and that his latest contribution to literature—"Italian Hours"—is not among the least of his masterpieces. Italy, which has suffered so many things from so many authors, must rejoice at such an appreciation at the hands of so brilliant a writer. As a matter of fact, the fascination of Italy is so great that nothing, not even the aching weariness of those interminable walks with Hare, or the deadly aridity of the information conveyed by Herr Baedeker, can diminish it. Seen, on the other hand, under the sympathetic auspices of Mr. Henry James, all the familiar spots, the well-known sights, assume a radiancy of colour and become suffused with the light which, if it

"never was on land or sea," is always to be found in the work of a true artist.

Exactly what Mr. James has done in this book is to give his individual impressions of certain places in Italy. A great many writers—too many, indeed—have done this before him, but few can be said to have given such carefully-polished impressions, or to have more delicately indicated what, for want of a better term, is usually defined as the "atmosphere" of Italy. As he remarks himself, *à propos* of quite another topic, "interesting persons—so they be of a sufficiently approved and established interest—render in some degree interesting whatever happens to them, and give it an importance even when very little else may have operated to give it a dignity."

In the same way Mr. Henry James's impressions, even when they deal with well-worn themes, are always interesting. He is never trite, while his confidential candour on the subject of Mr. Ruskin will awake a sympathetic echo in the heart of many a student whose natural pleasure in Art has been damped by the pedagogic utterances of that most aggressive of critics. For, as Mr. Henry James so truly remarks, "Art is the one corner of human life in which we may take our ease, . . . wherever her shining standard floats the need for apology and compromise is over; there it is enough simply that we please or are pleased. . . ." One may read, as he goes on to say, "a great deal of Mr. Ruskin without getting a hint of this delightful truth, a hint of the not unimportant fact that Art, after all, is made for us, and not we for Art." Few things have so embittered the life of the holiday sightseer as the failure to recognise this fact. Viewed from the standpoint of Mr. Ruskin, the world of Art, as Mr. Henry James says, instead of proving a garden of delight, becomes "a sort of assize court in perpetual session. . . . a region governed by Draconian legislation . . . in which 'the gulf between truth and error is for ever yawning at his feet,' a place from which, it may be added, with due respect to all critics, one's principal desire is to escape and—have lunch."

The general impression which the reader will draw from the book is that it would be very pleasant to join Mr. James on a tour in Italy. No other writer of recent times has so successfully avoided the commonplace in writing of such familiar topics as Venice and Rome; no other pen has drawn such delightful word-pictures of the many less well-known spots which, like the unexpected glimpses that make a walk in an Italian town so uniquely delightful, convey the same impression of charm in the pages of this altogether entrancing volume.

In these days of riotous colour-printing the artist is almost as necessary to the book as the conductor to the symphony. It might have been supposed that no happier choice of an illustrator could have been made than Mr. Joseph Pennell, and up to a certain point this is, undoubtedly, true. His drawing is excellent and his suggestion invariably subtle. But to many people the colouring with which he has invested Italy will appear not only cold and unnatural, but monotonous, and decidedly at variance with the colourful text of Mr. Henry

James, whose book, if it cannot, on account of its shape and its proportions, be recommended as a pocket guide-book, should certainly be read by all lovers of Italy and all lovers of art and literature.

E. GORDON.

A REMARKABLE HEN.

It is, of course, well known that at the approach of winter many animals change their coats to suit their surroundings. In confinement these changes continue to take place in winter; and in our variable climate, at times it has been noticed that the animals are undecided as to quite the proper time to divest themselves of their summer suits, and if the change of colour is in progress and a few warm days follow the cold, "the change stops responsively, or



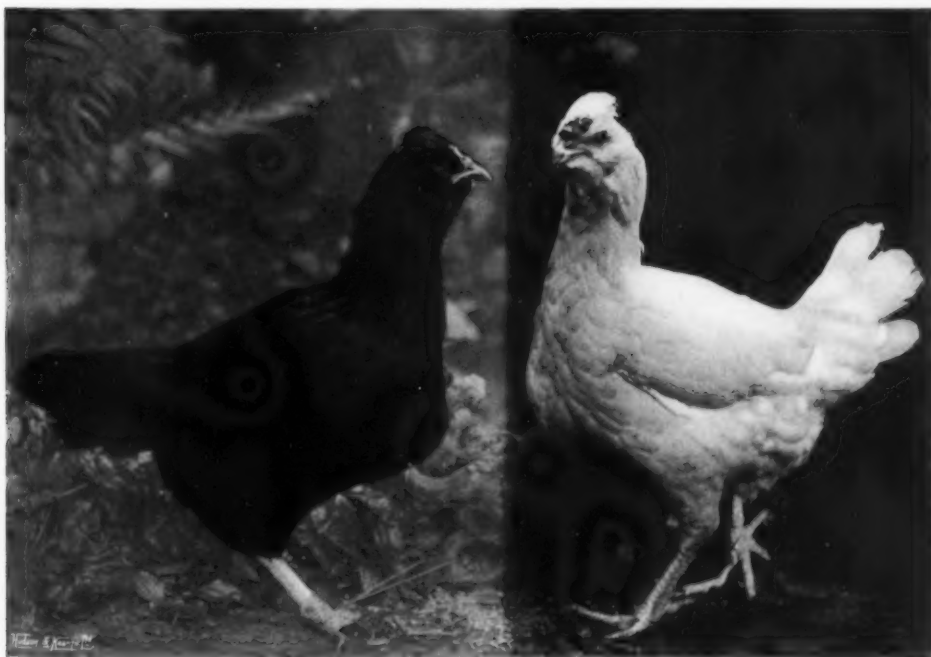
FEATHERS SHOWING GRADUAL CHANGE.

goes on by fits and starts in a most inconvenient and unbecoming manner."

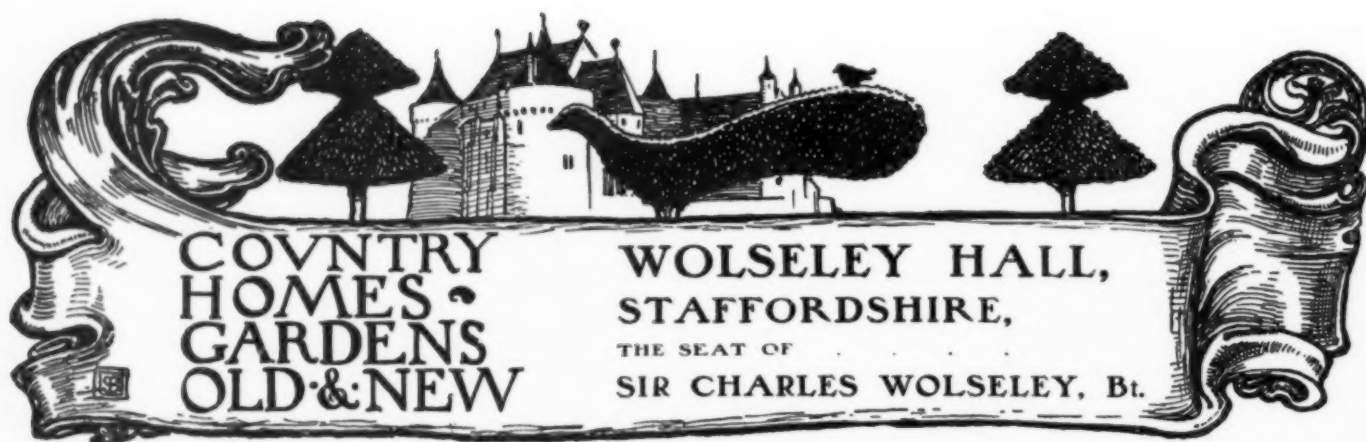
A remarkable hen, however, which has come under my notice is not influenced by such trifles as cold and heat, but changes the colour of her plumage religiously in September and October, and varies the fashion to suit her own peculiar taste. She has done this for three years in succession, and it is a matter of conjecture as to what she will wear next season. As a true black chick, of reliable strain, she at first attracted no notice, remaining black all the summer. On the approach of her first winter she gradually turned pale slate grey, finally becoming pure white and remaining white until she moulted in the following autumn. I kept the bird under daily observation, and to my surprise she became spotted black and white. I determined not to destroy

her, but to await results, expecting she might perhaps return to her original black plumage. No change took place during the summer; but early in September of last year the intense black of the smaller feathers began to fade. On plucking one at stated intervals I found the black was showing from black up to pure white in each feather, until it completely disappeared, followed by the disappearance of the paler shades until the whole feather became pure white. This change during September was rather rapid. By the end of the month nearly all the small feathers had become white; the tail, however, was then in the moult, both black and white feathers being dropped, and renewed white as small quill bolt. The large wing feathers were the last to remain black, and at the expense of much trouble to myself and no little inconvenience to the bird, I periodically plucked a wing feather to show the manner in which the change took place. As will be seen, it took place principally at the base of the feather first, and gradually spread all over it. In all she has had four changes of plumage, being once black, twice white, and once spotted.

W. C. F.



FROM BLACK TO WHITE.



H EIRS male to English estates have been a commodity of which the supply has scarcely equalled the demand, and very few of our historic properties have descended from father to son, or even in the same name, from mediæval times. Boarstall in Buckinghamshire, for instance, though it has ever passed by inheritance since the times of Norman William, if not earlier, went eight times through the female line before even that ended in the reign of Queen Anne, and the heiress bequeathed it to a step-son. But there are notable exceptions, and the Wolseleys of Wolseley share with the Gresleys of Drakelow and the Shirleys of Ettington the peculiarity of holding, by male descent, the lands which their ancestors possessed in the eleventh century. But if the Wolseleys have shown conservative tenacity in producing sons and in clinging to their ancestral acres, they have been radical indeed in architectural matters, and two historic members of the family carried the reforming spirit which distinguished their political attitude into the domain of the domicile, and altered their inherited home in accordance with the latest fashion of their day. The Cromwellian second baronet, after the Restoration, introduced, among other new features, a remarkably fine staircase and a rich wainscoted parlour, and these are the only adjuncts of the old place which escaped the neo-Gothic fervour of Wyatt, who was employed to re-build Wolseley by the radical seventh

baronet. Wolseley lies in Colwich parish, through the mead land of which the river Trent glides, while the rising ground on each side is occupied by a succession of parks and woods. This fertile and well-watered country, with the wilds of Needwood Forest and Cannock Chase lying behind the cultivated area, offered all that the mediæval landowner asked for, and such places of ancient inheritance as Shugborough, Tixal and Ingestre follow on one another beyond Wolseley as the valley is ascended. Here Edric de Wolseley was found by the Domesday Surveyors to hold land, and here his descendants, throughout Plantagenet and Tudor times, flourished and took part in the business of their locality and occasionally appear as playing a part on the wider national stage. None, however, received the recompense of a title until Robert Wolseley was made a baronet in 1628. When the clash of arms began a few years later, he supported the King, who had conferred the honour upon him, and his estates were sequestered by the victorious Parliament. Such was the position when he died in 1646, leaving a lad to inherit his baronetcy and his claims. On behalf of sixteen year old Sir Charles, a petition that the sequestration should be cancelled was presented to the Committee of Parliament and a composition of two thousand five hundred pounds was allowed in 1647. This was probably obtained the more easily as he must already have been leaning towards the party in power.



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UPPER STAIR LANDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



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ON THE SECOND STAGE LANDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Certain it is that in the spring of 1648, while King Charles was in durance at Carisbrooke, young Wolseley married Anne Fiennes—a daughter of the Parliamentary Lord Saye and Sele—and soon became a devoted supporter of Cromwell, whom he describes as: "My Lord-General whose personal worth I may say without vanity, qualifies him for the greatest monarch in the world." And

Richard Cromwell, two years later, his public career came to an end, for though he was a member of the Convention Parliament, he seems to have taken no decisive part for or against the recall of the Stewarts, and so was pardoned at the Restoration, though he was not employed. For half a century he lived essentially a home life, and of his doings at Wolseley we get more than one glimpse



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THE STAIRCASE.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

to the best of his ability Sir Charles tried to advance his hero to the position for which he considered him fit. He sat in Cromwell's Parliaments and on his Council of State, and in 1657 he appeared before the Protector at the head of the deputation that offered him kingship, and the speech he made urging his chief to accept the crown has been preserved. With the fall of

from the diary of his restless niece, Celia Fiennes. Her father, a brother of Lord Saye and Sele, had been a Parliamentary colonel, and thus there was political as well as blood relationship between her family and that of her aunt's husband. No wonder, then, that in the course of those numerous journeys which she took throughout England in the times of William and Mary, she



COUNTRY LIFE.

PART OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

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paid several visits to Wolseley Hall and briefly chronicled what she saw. In May, 1697, she took the great North Road out of London, and, passing through Cambridge, Huntingdon, Stamford and Nottingham, reached Yorkshire, where she paid many visits and describes many houses and gardens. She turned south through Derbyshire, and then rested a while with her Staffordshire relatives. Her diary not only allows us to see what sort of a place Wolseley then was, but also reflects her own views of what was desirable and the reverse. She admits that the park is fine and that "Ye Gardens are good, both gravell and Green Walks; there is a good River runs by it w^{ch} has dwarfe trees and honeysuckles and binds on the Bancks, there is a great deale of good fruite and there are severall walkes, one shady wth high trees w^{ch} my Aunt told me my mother liked to walke in and so was Call'd her walke. I ate a sort of flatt strawberry like a button w^{ch} produces its first Crop a sort of Large garden Strawberries and this sort afterwards." The autumn or perpetual-bearing strawberries of to-day seem to have had their counterpart in Sir Charles's well-stocked and well-cultivated fruit gardens, where his niece, on a later occasion, declares she "never saw trees so well dress'd and pruned, ye walls so Equally Cover'd as these." But as to the house, she had not much to say in its favour. True, the best rooms were right enough, for they were of her uncle's recent creation; but "Ye Rest of the house is all old and Low and must be new built." This lady had a full Palladian taste, and the original oak-framed, moated, quadrangular building, with its gatehouse and its "Large Lofty hall in ye Old fashion," made no appeal to her. Only the "Large parlour and noble stair Case wth handsome Chambers Sr Charles has new built" deserve her praise. That parlour and staircase are represented in the accompanying illustrations. They are not as originally erected, for the complete "new building," which the second baronet failed to carry out, was most conscientiously done by the seventh baronet, so that not only the remnants of the timber-framed house, but also the Palladian additions, were all involved in common ruin, and the present modern Gothic dwelling took their place.

Celia Fiennes's uncle lived on till he was eighty-five, and was the father of ten daughters and seven sons. Of the latter, two of the elder ones survived their father and held the baronetcy in succession. But it is from Richard, the sixth son, who fought with William III. in Ireland, that are descended the present holder of the old title and also the distinguished Field-Marshal who has been rewarded with a new viscounty. Richard Wolseley never succeeded to the family estates and honour, but his son William became the fifth baronet in 1730. A century later, his grandson, Sir Charles, did his re-building. As a lad he had been sent to travel on the Continent to complete his education. This he seems to have largely done in Paris among the Revolutionists, for one of his own later speeches implies that he assisted in the taking of the Bastille. We do not, however, find him chronicled among the few English sympathisers with Revolutionary France during the years that followed. But when he succeeded to the baronetcy in 1817 he had already been for some time an active member of the ardent band of Radicals who were clamouring for reform. Wolseley Hall was occasionally the meeting-place where their policy was discussed, and thence Sir Charles visited the unenfranchised centres of the new industries and made inflammatory speeches. After one of these, delivered at Stockport, he was arrested and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for sedition and conspiracy. Despite the great demonstration of sympathisers that celebrated his liberation, he gradually withdrew from active politics, and no doubt it was the leisure of his later life that led him into his unfortunate architectural venture. What he did is not illustrated except in so far as certain arches and other constructive details of Wyatt type appear in the pictures of the "noble stair" of the seventeenth century. Even that he had cast aside; but, luckily, it was stored away uninjured, and his son erected it in its present position. It is not only a very fine example of a Charles II. staircase, but it presents some rather individual points. The most favourite form, at that time, of filling in the space between the handrail and the string was with panels of rich carving, perforated and modelled, representing scrolls of foliage and flowers, interspersed, in some cases, with amorini or heraldic beasts. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will recollect many such. The earliest is of Charles I.'s time, and is at Aldermaston. It has been attributed to Inigo Jones, while those at Forde Abbey and Thorpe Hall are by him or his kinsman, Webb. They date from Commonwealth days, as does that at Coleshill, certainly a work of Inigo Jones. Here, however, he used balusters, but of a different model from those that had been usual under Elizabeth and James I., for they are designed in the spirit of the stone balustrades designed by Palladio and the Italians for balcony and terrace-work. They have their first and thickest member ornamented with a carved acanthus leaf motif, but above that the shaft is straight, whereas at Wolseley it is twisted after it leaves the acanthus-wrought member. For other purposes this twist had been freely used in Inigo Jones's time—by Nicholas Stone

in the porch of St. Mary's, Oxford, and by furniture-makers for the legs of chairs and tables; but for stair-balusters, Wolseley is one of our early examples. Another, very like it, is at Halswell in Somerset, of which the date is 1689. That at Wolseley is more massive—the handrail is a foot across—which implies a rather earlier date, since it resembles, in that respect, the character of staircases made immediately after the Restoration, as at Tredegar in Monmouthshire. There the openwork panels were used for the staircase, but twisted columns are frequent about the house, both of stone without and of wood within. As the century drew to a close the staircases assumed a much lighter form, and by the time Anne came to reign it was usual to place three slender balusters on each tread, often twisted as at Stoke Edith, where, moreover, four of them compose the newels, which are no longer a great, solid post with panelled sides, such as they were throughout Charles II.'s time. Those at Wolseley have the panels decorated with a swag of fruit and flowers, such as we find also at Sudbury in Derbyshire, and at Dunster in Somerset. The Sudbury staircase also resembles that at Wolseley in having a bay-leaf wreath occupying the chief member of the string, but above the string it has the prevalent perforated panels. These panels rather puzzled the designers when they came to the meeting of the handrail and the newel. At Thorpe, Webb ran the former straight into the latter, which rose well above it on the descent side, though it started flush for the ascent. But a desire seems to have been felt to let the hand glide along the rail without a break. And so at Sudbury the rail springs up vertically, and then, turning at right angles, meets the newel, of which the top is a continuation of the same mouldings, but with a low plinth in the centre forming a base for a carved ornament. At Wolseley there is another step forward, the jerk caused by the sudden vertical leap is replaced by a curved lilt, and we find the same at Dunster and at Halswell. The only difficulty was how to fill in the space between the curve of the rail and the straight line of the panels or balusters below. For this purpose a kind of spandrel was introduced, left plain in the simple example at Halswell, but carved at Dunster and at Wolseley with a kind of elongated flower pattern closely resembling that used in the chimney-arch spandrels of James I.'s time. As the accompanying illustrations show, this device has a rather clumsy effect, and when the balusters grew lighter, the end ones were heightened to fit up under the rail. At the same time the much-reduced newel-post was no longer made use of as a pillar to hold a vase or a basket of fruit, but was merely the turning-point of a continuous handrail.

The final verdict, after a careful survey of the points of likeness and of difference between the Wolseley staircase and others of which the date is known, will be that Sir Charles Wolseley had made his alterations at least a score of years before Celia Fiennes first mentions them in 1697. The same conclusion will be reached by a study of the woodwork that now lines the drawing-room, and, no doubt, was made to decorate the "Large Parlour" of Sir Charles's building. Its panels, its cornice, and also, and most especially, the details of its elaborate door frames are of the same period as those of which we find at Tredegar, at Sudbury, at Tyttenhanger and at Ramsbury, all of which houses were either erected or completed well before the close of Charles II.'s reign. It is fortunate indeed that, despite the nineteenth century re-building, these fine specimens of post-Restoration work have survived to give to Wolseley Hall some remaining kinship with these houses that were its contemporaries.

T.

EARLY NESTING.

AN extraordinary instance of early nesting is recorded in the February number of *British Birds*. It has been referred to in our own private correspondence, but confirmation arrived too late for insertion last week. The story came through Mr. Heatley Noble, whose interest in the crossbill is well known. On January 13th this year, a labourer, returning home along the railway line near Thetford in Norfolk, saw an old bird feeding a young one. He threw a stone at them, killing the parent and one of the nestlings. Two others were caught alive, but subsequently died in captivity. The nest was found in a Scotch fir close to the railway, and about twenty feet from the ground. On January 18th the writer saw a flock of twelve within a mile of the same spot. On examination it was found that the two young birds were completely fledged, but traces of down on the crown and rump feathers and the fact that the crossing of the beak was only slightly traced substantiated the story told by the workman. This extraordinary occurrence does not stand alone in the present year, as observers have noticed that a great number of our most familiar species have been engaged in courtship since early in the new year. These crossbills, in fact, must have nested in December. In the first week of January we heard the wood-pigeons cooing to one another every morning. Domestic pigeons at the same time were strutting about on the lawn with bits of straw and hay in their beaks. There must certainly be young sparrows, as while the year was yet in its infancy these birds were carrying feathers to their accustomed nesting sites under the roof of a great barn. We have not sought for the nest of the missel-thrush; but the incessant music which it has been pouring forth for many weeks now leads to the belief that only a

little search is needed to find the nest and eggs. These other early nesters, the hedge-sparrows—to give them the name by which they are best known—have for a long time been playing their love antics on the gravel path. Very pretty they look, too, though, like Wordsworth's poem, in "russet mantle clad." The cock has the sweetest and most unpretentious of bird voices. Why all this preparation should take place before St. Valentine's Day it is not easy to understand. If we look for natural causes, however, we shall find them to some extent in the great plentifulness of food this winter. It is evidenced by the fact that much of last autumn's wild fruit is still on the trees. Usually the mountain ash is stripped almost as soon as the berries grow red in harvest-time. On some trees they can still be seen at this moment. Wild apples, too, have to some extent remained undisturbed. The holly berries, the scarlet hips and red haws still decorate the hedgerows. The truth is that although there have been spasms of very hard weather, it has never been so long continued as to cause starvation among the wild birds. Further, a very wet season is generally one in which grubs and insects flourish, so that this kind of food has been very plentiful. We notice that the various species of tit, which usually gather in considerable numbers on the yews and other lawn trees, have not done so this year—a pretty good proof that they have been able to

pick up a comfortable livelihood as their usual allowance of suet and other food has been placed on the branches. It has been freely devoured by the robins, but the visits of the tits have been few and far between. During the winter it has been noticed that the little grebe, which is often found solitary in hard weather, has appeared in a particular pond only with a mate. Nearly every day there have been two or four or six, but never an odd number. The kingfisher, which seems to have flourished of late, has also been a frequent visitor, but he comes one at a time. The crossbill, however, is a bird whose vagaries are extremely difficult to understand. The contemporary already referred to gives a curious list of their appearances during the last month or two. There was a flock of about fifty seen in Bedfordshire on August 1st, and the Duchess of Bedford has seen them nearly every day on the Woburn estate. In Berkshire, Buckinghamshire and Gloucestershire they were seen in small flocks on the last days of 1909 and the first days of 1910. Similar records are given for about a dozen counties. The birds range from Inverness as far South as Hampshire, and on the islands adjoining the coast they have been frequently seen. But that, as a matter of fact, accords with the history of the species. A visitation of the birds is recorded by Sir Roger Twisden as having occurred as early as 1593.

QUEENS' COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

FOUNDED by the care and munificence of two Queens, the college once dedicated to St. Bernard has a beauty and stateliness which well become its august origin. The unity of its design gives us a pleasure which is not afforded by some of its prouder neighbours. It is neither a collection of anachronisms nor a museum of architectural styles. As

has often been pointed out, it is built on the model of a country house. It might be a sister in nobility to Haddon Hall. There is nothing conventual or monastic in its arrangement. It seems designed less for study than for an amiable life. The simple, well-ordered elegance of the front court is not surpassed in any college of either University, and the Tudor

gallery, a later addition, emphasises the character of the college, linking it yet more closely with the great houses of England.

The Queen who transformed the College of St. Bernard into the foundation which we know was Margaret of Anjou, the wife of Henry VI. She was persuaded to her grateful task by Andrew Docket, the first President and life-long well-wisher of the society, "accounted by some," says Fuller, "if not by his purse, by his prayers, the founder thereof." Margaret's motive for her generous endowment is picturesquely described, also by Fuller, himself a loyal alumnus of the college. "As Miltiades his trophy in Athens," writes he in his "History of Cambridge," "would not suffer Themistocles to sleep, so this Queen beholding her husband's bounty in building King's College was restless in herself with holy emulation until she had produced something of the like nature, a strife wherein wives without breach of duty may contend with their husbands which should exceed in pious performances." The emulation was honourable, the enterprise successful. Nor did Elizabeth Woodville fall below the lofty example set her by Margaret of Anjou. She, too, gave a favourable answer to Andrew Docket's solicitation, and if any consider how it was that that worthy scholar gained the help of both houses, let Fuller explain. "A good and discreet man," says the historian of Docket, "who, with no sordid but prudential compliance, so passed himself in these dangerous times betwixt the successive Kings of Lancaster and York that he procured the favour of both." The favour was worth procuring, and after the gracious interposition of Elizabeth Woodville, the college was called Queens', not Queen's,



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THE GATE TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to celebrate the generosity of two ladies.

The benefactions of the House of York did not end with Elizabeth Woodville. That much-maligned Prince, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, took a keen and practical interest in the affairs of Queens' College. As early as 1477, we are told by Mr. J. H. Gray, the last historian of the college, he was permitted by Edward IV. to grant to the President and Fellows the manor and advowson of Fulmire, to found four fellowships

with stipends of eight pounds a year for priests, who are to "pray satisfactorie for the prosperous astates of Richard the sayde Duke of Gloucester and dame Anne his wife, and for the souls of the Duke's father and of his friends slain at Bernett Tukysbery or at any other feldes or journeys, and for all christen soules." Fuller, echoing the opinion of his time, pretends that Richard "endeavoured to render himself popular" by conferring benefits upon colleges and religious houses. But he was already generous



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THE BRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to Queens', when it could avail him nothing, and he should not be robbed of his proper meed of thanks. The gifts which he made as Prince he increased as King. In 1484 he granted to the college lands belonging to the Earl of Oxford, and to the Countess of Warwick, the Queen's mother. The grant, as Fuller says, made more noise than profit. After Bosworth Field, the lands, taken from the nobles proscribed by Richard, were resumed by their owners and Queens' College lost its hope of wealth. The col-

lege, less censorious than Fuller, esteems the wish as the deed, and in its badge of the boar's head still keeps green the memory of Richard III.

It is not walls only that make the history of a college: it is men; and it was the good fortune of Queens', in its earliest days, to boast the presence of great scholars and distinguished statesmen. No college played a better part in the revival of learning than this one. For four



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IN THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

years John Fisher, the eloquent Bishop of Rochester, was President, and it was due to his persuasion, perhaps, that Erasmus, when he came to Cambridge, took up his abode in the rooms which are still associated with his name. Erasmus has always been the sport of gossips. Aubrey, it will be remembered, thinks it worth while to record that Erasmus ate no fish, though "born in a fish town (Rotterdam)." Fuller, acknowledging the credit that the greatest of scholars did to Queens' by sojourning therein, is doubtful of his motive. "Either invited thither," says he, "with the fame of the learning and love of his friend Bishop Fisher then Master thereof, or allured with the situation of this college so near the river (as Rotterdam his native place to the sea) with pleasant walks thereabouts." Other colleges were equally near to the river, and it may be set down to Fisher's credit that Erasmus, the peculiar glory of the college, lived in the rooms still associated with his name, and used the tower, which still surmounts them, as his oratory. The years which Erasmus spent in Cambridge were fruitful in study as in performance. If the undergraduates did not flock to his lectures, as he hoped they would, he had all the more leisure for the pursuit of scholarship. Yet, if Cambridge is still proud of the



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THE CLOISTER COURT.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

Ammonius, "and the wines are not satisfactory. If you can manage to get a skin of Greek wine, as good as can be had but free from sweetness, conveyed thither, you will bestow a real blessing on Erasmus." The wine—it was Cretan—came, but the cask was not big enough. Erasmus was thinking of "a largish



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ERASMUS' TOWER.

"C.L."

master who once dwelt in its midst, Erasmus was not altogether content with Cambridge. His aristocratic temperament was not easily satisfied. Much as the society of Warham and Fisher pleased him, the insufficiency of money dogged him at Cambridge, as it dogged him everywhere. Not that he was ever in straitened circumstances. His complaints, constant as they are, mean no more than that the wealth that he hoped and prayed for still eluded him.



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OLD GARDEN DOORWAY.

"C.L."

Dr. Mullinger assures us that his income at Cambridge cannot have been less than seven hundred pounds a year of our present money. And it is in these terms that he writes to Ammonius: "Though poverty is a heavy burden, especially on the hard threshold of old age, I am more affected by shame than want; though in this too I can digest my sorrow, and put on as bold a face as I can." Worse than all, Erasmus found at Cambridge nothing fit to drink. "I do not like the beer of this place at all," he writes to

cask" to last him some months. Ammonius, generous as he was and delicious as was his wine, sent a cask that did not keep pace with Erasmus's desires. And then came the plague, and Cambridge was emptied of its scholars. So writes Erasmus: "We have been living, my dear Ammonius, for some months a snail's life. We shrink and hide ourselves indoors, and are busy as bees in study. There is a great solitude here, most people away for fear of plague; though when all are here it is still a solitude. The expense is big and heavy; the profit not a farthing." And thus, after four years, Erasmus shook the dust of Cambridge from his feet, disappointed and disappointing. If only he had suppressed his complaints for a while, and painted us a picture of Queens' College as he knew it, still fresh and trim, with portraits of his companions, we would cheerfully have gone without the harsh complaints of poverty, and even the praise of that "jug of Cretan wine, such as may remind you that Jupiter was nursed in that island, a product of milk and nectar."

Such, then, is the chief glory, not unalloyed, of Queens' College. Erasmus lived there. And the pride, still evoked, is not extravagant. But others lived there besides Erasmus. There was, for instance, Sir Thomas Smith, a great and good humanist, who in his full life played many parts, and played them all well. He was Professor of Greek, he was a statesman and an ambassador, as well as author of "The Commonwealth of England," a treatise which gives us the best picture of our country and constitution as it appeared to a sympathetic observer in Elizabeth's reign. There was Humphry Tindall, Bishop of

Ely, whose tombstone boasts that he was offered the crown of Bohemia and refused it, saying that he would rather be a subject of Queen Elizabeth than a foreign king. In the seventeenth century Queens' College suffered the same vicissitudes in which its rivals were involved. Torn asunder in the Civil Wars, it saw its President Edward Martin a prisoner and its studies interrupted by party strife. Yet it was fortunate in this, that Martin, its Royalist President, and Palmer, who was intruded by the Parliament, were both men of high courage and character. Palmer, indeed, was an admirable example of the superiority of mind over body. St. John's College refused him a degree on the ground of personal deformity, and Queens' in admitting him was justified of her liberality. "Though he was a little crooked man," says a pupil, "yet he had such an authority, that the fellows revered him as much as we did them, going bare when he passed through the court, which after his death was disused."

The greatest President who ruled the fortunes of Queens' College in the eighteenth century was Dr. Isaac Milner, a good scholar, a fearless autocrat, a man of sound courage and original character. Though he has not won the approval of the Whig historian of Cambridge, he governed the society with a strong hand for many years, and raised it to a height of prosperity which it had not before attained. Nor is the hostility of the Whig historian hard to explain. "The Society," says Gunning, "which, under the Presidentship of Dr. Plumtre, had been distinguished for his attachment to Civil and Religious Liberty, became afterwards as remarkable for its opposition to liberal

opinions." When we remember that these words were written in 1792, and that Fyshe Palmer, one of the fellows elected under the auspices of Dr. Plumtre, was transported for sedition, we shall know what respect it deserves. Perhaps it was at Queens', of which he was an alumnus, that Thomas Creevey imbibed those liberal principles which he cherished throughout his long life, and which, it must be said, did not greatly profit him. At any rate, that man of the world, whose shrewd wit and keen observation still delight us, would have smiled to find himself in the august society which the history of Queens' College calls up before our eyes, and would be the first to recognise the wide gap that separates him from Erasmus and Fisher, Thomas Smith and Humphry Tindall. But these are some of the famous men whose ghosts haunt the courts and cloisters of Queens' College, and whose genius, with the exquisite buildings themselves, keeps green the fragrant memory of the past. C. W.



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DINING-ROOM IN THE PRESIDENT'S LODGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE COUNTRY HOUSE LIBRARY

ALTHOUGH there is no end to the making of books, some will have it that the most of us are hastening towards illiteracy. Never were books more plentiful; never were they less regarded. Their very plenty brings them into contempt. The outward sign—the binding and the printed page—is held cheaply. They come lightly into the house, the book bought as the travelling companion of a railway journey or the book which is the idly-chosen gift; they loiter on drawing-room tables or on the smoking-room chimney-piece, and to-morrow, for want of a homing-place on a shelf, they drift away to mingle in that vast rubbish-heap which is piled high with the cluttered superfluities of this wasteful age. We have come a long way in one or two generations from those

locked and glazed bookcases in which every book had its appointed place. For many an Early Victorian child the obtaining of a book from the family library was a grave business; the boy had to name the book needed. Thereupon the authorities of the household would ask why he wanted that particular book, would discuss at length the point whether that book was an honest book, meet for the reading of one of his years. An application by his sister was rarely carried beyond this stage. Even when the censorship had certified the book as clean and virtuous the affair was not at an end. The borrower's hands were examined for signs of the stickiness common to the hands of boys. Before he carried it off he had, as it were, given moral bail and pledged his character for its return with an unbroken back and leaves without dog's ears.

That ritual has perished. The boy roaming the house on a wet afternoon may have any book he will and, when he abandons it, the volume will lie derelict until a housemaid pushes it into the nearest gap on a shelf.

It is not without significance that there are now country houses, and those not of the meanest, in which there is no room known as the library. You may see the plans of them in the architectural papers, with their dining-room and drawing-room, their morning-room and boudoir, their rooms for playing billiards, for smoking and for the care of guns. With all this, no library.

A few fortunate squires, unconscious for the most part of their good fortune, have inherited libraries of books. They part with the books for ready money, even as cheerfully as they will send their Romneys and Hoppners to King Street. A newspaper paragraph tells you of the discovery of rare folios in the library of the manor house at Queen's Crawley or Clavering Manor. Watch your newspaper and you will see that the sale of these treasures follows as a pleasant and natural consequence.

Neglecting the library, we break with one of the oldest traditions of the English country house. The Pastons, those typical squires, had made a fair beginning before the end of the fifteenth century. They could range on the shelf the histories of King Arthur and Guy of Warwick, the chronicles of the English Kings, the poems of Chaucer and Lydgate, not to speak of the "Abbey of the Holy Ghost," and that "Great Book" in which William Evesham had copied out, for twopence a leaf, the treatise on knighthood and on the making of jousts and tournaments. From such a beginning the country-house library grew up. Families held together, and in the family there was commonly one man who could love a book as well as a hawk and a hound. There was at least a chaplain in the chimney corner when other readers failed. We may take it that theology and law filled the most shelves. They had a sharp-set appetite for divinity, those English folk of the sixteenth century, and that the taste survived is seen in the many volumes of popular sermons finding a sale even in the first half of the nineteenth. A nation of landowners, great and small, everyone was eager to study the law books which treated of the laws of inheritance, the rights of freeholder and copyholder, and the defence of an estate against encroachment. Hall and Holinshed's chronicle books found readers up and down England. In the sixteenth century, too, came in Master Mumbazon and the preposterous heraldry book, revealing the mysteries of vert and gules, the nature of the cockatrice and the wyvern, and the inward significance of the flaunc and the fret. "I'll go and read Guillim," quoth Sir Hildebrand Osbaldestone, and many another country baronet followed him into the library to seek out that famous folio. With the heraldry book lay the books proper for the country-side, the treatises on the mewing of haggard hawks, on the fighting of cocks, on fishing with an angle, on the breaking of horses, the worming of dogs and the doctoring of sick cattle. The seventeenth century brought in the stage plays, the books of the voyagers who had seen Muscovy and the Guinea Coast, while war and revolution multiplied the political tracts. In those few country-house libraries which have maintained their continuity there is a rare meal of miscellaneous reading. Those who would bring back the old tradition will note that buying books for a town house is one matter and buying books for the country another. For the town your only wise rule is to buy books as you need them, whenever the desire comes to you. The great bookshops make a library at your door; you can call in a volume when you will, paying the money down and bringing home the book under your arm, as every man will do who loves a good book. But for the country there is another rule. The motor-car and the railway may have brought the



QUEEN'S COLLEGE: CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE LONG GALLERY.

shop very near to your door. But every country house worthy the name will have its hams and its sides of bacon hanging in a row, however close the provision dealer presses. A manor house should be provisioned as for a siege. The sentiment of the place demands no less. In like manner you must have your books ranged on the shelves as though a wet season still made the road to town impossible for your coach wheels. What manner of books they should be is an affair between the squire and his conscience. But unless he be an anarchist in letters the squire will do well to pause before he reject the old books and the tall folios. The hurry of cities has shortened the townsman's day. But the country-side day is still a grave measure of time in which a man may still read a folio if he will. The countryman has no excuse for sundering himself from all but those little books, easily read and lightly forgotten, that serve us in town.

When it comes to the question of the care of books the country reader has the town reader at advantage. Under the London smoke the sufferings of our books are sad to see. The town's acid vapours which gnaw at the stonework of the abbey, creep into the library and rot the bindings. The edges grow frowsy with clinging blacks. In the clean air of the country-side your book may stand in wholesome case year by year, needing no more care than a dusting once in a season. But if you have many books and old ones, do not leave them to the mercy of a stout housemaid, who will drag them out at her spring-cleaning, opening them and smacking them together after a fashion that is bad for their

old backs. People who would shudder at the sight of the same maid dusting their porcelain with a rough clout will leave her to do her will upon books that may be worth many a blue saucer. A silk duster

and a leather brush should make the toilet of the old books, which ought to be drawn out from the shelves by one who reads and loves them.
O. B.

THE ROTHSCHILD HUNT HORSES.

IF the whole story of hunter-breeding in the Vale of Aylesbury, and especially by the Rothschild family, could be written, if, too, the pedigrees of sires and the hunting performances of the mares could be recorded and then the after-history of the produce traced, we should, I think, be able to draw some very useful conclusions as to the best way to breed a hunter. More particularly valuable would it be to note which of the colts and fillies, as they grew up, had distinguished themselves in the Vale. I have always looked upon the Vale of Aylesbury as possibly the best country in England in which to make a hunter or to form a cross-country rider. The man who can ride to the Rothschild hounds in November when they cross the Vale can hold his own in any country. The stags, says Mr. Elliott, who himself rode as well over the Vale in his day as anyone, take better lines in the Vale of Aylesbury than the foxes. This Vale, if it is one of the best, some say quite the best, riding grounds in England, is, like all other grass countries, one where a good horse is needed. The horse must have courage; these double ditches and double-wattled fences on banks look even more alarming than they are. There are different views as to the way the doubles should be ridden at; one huntsman of former days would crash through, another had as his best horse at one time a well-bred horse (ridden in a double snaffle and a martingale) that carried his head up "like a deer," says "The Druid," and raced at the doubles. This horse had a reputation as a brilliant horse in the Vale. Somewhere Whyte Melville says that horses that carry their heads up seldom fall at their fences, and I recollect a mare that came from the Vale into Leicestershire that raced at her fences with her head in the air and never made a mistake. Such horses may be, I think they are, safer than they look or feel, but they are not comfortable horses to ride anywhere, and especially in the Vale of Aylesbury. Then quickness without hurry or flurry is needed. There must be pace, for the staghounds are fast. The doubles of the Vale should not be ridden at too slowly nor so fast that the horse cannot be collected. The successful riders over the Vale in the past and present have been and are those who have adopted as their motto "pace without hurry"—Lord Petre, the Hon. Robert Grimston, Jem Mason, Lord Battersea, Baron Mayer de Rothschild, the present Masters, Mr. Freeman, Lord Orkney, Mr. Gerald Pratt and many others whose names are noted in the hunting records of the Vale. But we must not forget that the Vale of Aylesbury has two aspects for the horseman: one of a smiling stretch of pasture, firm, springy and delightful, off which a horse can spring easily; the other of a deep, distressful sea of green morass. In wet weather how horses sob and labour by Blackgrove or Quanton, and what an effort is needed where every ditch is a watercourse turning bank high! Even the wide fields by Creslow are less inviting than usual. As a rule, a stout, bold horse can carry one to hounds, but not always quite straight. But, then, I do not know any strongly-fenced grass country where this is possible at all times except on paper, or after dinner. Nevertheless, here, as elsewhere, there are a few reckless spirits with, perhaps, the courage of ignorance, who will "take on" fences that might stagger the more experienced, and, crashing and crushing through, open a way in this country more, perhaps, than any other. The reply of the Frenchman who had been hunting in England stands good for the Vale. He had been asked how he managed the fences? and replied: "You have only to wait and 'il y a toujours une voie.'" There is almost always "a way" after the middle of the season. In my day there was, and I believe there still is, no need to fear a strand of wire anywhere. But with such a country to ride over, and one in which a horse must become a hunter if he has it in him, it is worth while to consider what we can learn about hunter-breeding from those who have thought carefully on the principles of that dark science. Lord Rothschild, Mr. Lionel de Rothschild and Lord Rosebery have always kept hunter stallions for themselves and their tenants. One thing of which experience has convinced them is that stables and paddocks become unhealthy if used continuously, and their sheds are moved to fresh ground while the old buildings are

thoroughly aired and cleansed, and the pastures grazed off by cattle and sheep. Again, many hunters have been bred at Mentmore, Tring and Ascott, but thorough-bred sires only are used. Lord Rosebery liked to have two crosses of blood in his hunter



W. A. Rouch.

MALLOW.

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brood mares. The breeders in the Vale of Aylesbury prefer, if possible, a mare that has some reputation in the hunting-field, and for stallions small active horses. The Vale horse should be well coupled up, not too long in the back, and with well-laid shoulders. As may be imagined, a cat-like activity is desired, a horse must have speed and he must stay. The runs with the stag-hound are more sustained in pace and last longer than those with the fox. The strain on the horse is greater, since it is not usual to have the turns and hesitations which give us so many



W. A. Rouch.

HUGO.

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opportunities when a fox is our quarry. Each of the horses portrayed here may be noted as having been carefully selected to carry the Masters, their family and Hunt servants over the Vale. Let us begin with the joint-Masters' hunters, and take first Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's old friend Hugo, a grand liver-coloured

chestnut. The old horse shows signs of age in the dip in his back, but he stands on legs marvellously fresh and sound. The perfect spring of the neck from the shoulders, the sensible head and bold eye, tell of perfect manners and undiminished courage. The power in those grand quarters is immense, and he has, perhaps, arrived at that point when experience and power are united. There can be little about crossing a country he does not know, perhaps nothing he will not attempt and, with all the long years of condition and care, little he cannot achieve. One day on a horse like that is worth a week's hunting on any other. Then Mallow and the bay West Wind are examples of that combination of power and quality so valuable in a hunter and yet so rare. We ordinary folk look out for a weight-carrier, and often have to forego in some measure the generous spirit of the blood horse. "An excellent horse if he had a little more quality," we say; or we find the quality and lose the bone and substance necessary to carry weight. Here we find a combination of the two qualities so necessary, or, at least, so desirable in a strictly grass country. The brown Graduate, with his long rein, his short back and appearance of cat-like activity, looks like a Vale hunter. His depth through the heart promises us that he will stay, even in such a season as this, until the stoutest deer is taken.

There is one type of hunter which, when we can find it, is beyond price—the hunter that looks like a pony and is all wire and steel; the kind of horse that goes on for ever, comes out again in its turn, and is sound at the end of a dozen seasons. Here is exactly the type: Apple Pie, a brown mare. Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild is fortunate in the possession of such a hunter. I think we may say "is," for, though Apple Pie has seen ten seasons, she might well go on for several more. This mare has some extraordinarily fine hunter-like points. Look at her back and loins, at the quarters suggestive of power and pace, at the long, powerful forearm and the short cannon bone. She has a hard look, and is, no doubt, a pleasant hack after a long day.

Two snaffle-bridle blood horses belonging to Mr. Evelyn de Rothschild come next. I agree with Whyte Melville that there is nothing better to ride than a blood horse when one can ride him at all. But these are not and never can be common. All the more fortunate is he who owns two such horses as Steel Cup and The Gift. To look at, the first almost fulfils one's idea of what a blood hunter should be. I should not be surprised, even if I did not know he was a winner, to hear that The Gift was the faster horse of the two. But in the hunting-field speed is not everything. After all, a horse of that stamp is, even with the staghounds, rarely fully extended, and, going well within himself, will generally beat the half-bred ones if the stag runs on for any time over an hour. The charm of a blood horse is that he will jump safely when he is half tired. We can, for example, venture over stiff timber or a gate (if he is a timber jumper) fully ten minutes after we should shirk it on a half-bred horse. The Gift has won once at Aylesbury and he looks like winning again. He is a short-backed and blood horse, built for speed, yet not wanting in power. Lastly, we come to the huntsman's horses. The servants of this Hunt have ever been well mounted, and have ridden as a staghound huntsman and whipper-in ought to do—right up to their hounds. No servants have left fewer deer out or failed seldomer to take their stag handsomely. And what a line of fine sportsmen they are! Roffey and Tom Ball, who made the Hunt so popular in its early days with the hard-riding division from London, who delighted in a day with "The Baron's," a day which the courage of ignorance sometimes cut short; Fred Cox, who made the



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pack; Howcutt, who loved hounds and leared neither fence nor stag; Boore, who had Warwickshire pedigrees and the lore of Lord Willoughby de Broke at his fingertips; and Gaskin, who qualified for the post he holds by long and clever service as whipper-in. Gaskin carries the horn to-day with credit, and is justly proud of the breeding and traditions of his pack. The portrait of Phil, with his rare power, great depth and sensible hunter-like head, tells us that the horse is the right one for his work. It must be pleasant to sit behind such shoulders when the huntsman wishes to keep his eye on the pack and to think as little as may be of the obstacles he meets. A wise horse that can take care of himself is the greatest of boons to the man that carries the horn.

Of all these horses it may be said that they are not only some of the best that go out on the Vale, but are among the best schooled, and in this respect Lord Rothschild and his brother set an example of wisdom. It is all very well for men who live in the country and have leisure to ride half-made horses, but for those whose lives are engrossed in important affairs, and to whom hunting is a recreation, there is nothing like having horses that know their business. Stag-hunting is essentially the busy man's form of hunting, for hunting it is if we follow it in the right way. I have always thought that if we make the aim of our sport to watch these hounds, we shall realise why no hounds are too high-bred and no horses too good for a stag-hunt, when the whole is managed as this is in the true spirit of genuine sport. The Masters give it all freely, only asking that we shall respect the interests of the farmers and dress ourselves in accordance with hunting etiquette. There is probably no Hunt in England more justly popular in its own locality than Lord Rothschild's Stag-hounds. T. F. D.

TWO MEN OF DEVON.

SOME of the highly-interesting books on the poorer classes, both in town and country, which have been published lately—one may mention the "Bettesworth Book," Miss Loame's work, "Arthur's," and some of the books of Mr. Wells and of Mr. Pett Ridge—must have convinced anyone, who either needs such conviction or is capable of it, of the veil that exists between us, who have had a different education in every way, and those whom we call comprehensively the poor; how different are the respective outlooks on life and standards of morality; how very difficult it is for the one to understand or enter into the feelings of the other. We talk of the difficulty in the understanding of the Oriental mind by the man of the Western nation—we have a mind quite alien from our own, and different, in every cottage of the first village we see. I did not begin writing, however, with a view of drawing attention to this fact, though it is worthy of attention, as not being comprehended at all as fully as it should be, but to tell a story, or two stories, which, I think, may be of interest, showing how very different the mental grasp and general acuteness can be of two men brought up apparently in precisely similar surroundings, with equal opportunities, or lack of opportunities, for qualifying themselves as voters, and in some sort as rulers of a mighty Empire. Both were men of Devon, speaking the vernacular. Neither had the art of writing. The one came to the officer in charge of the ballot-box and said: "I be come for to give my vote." "Yes," said the officer. "Well, which be I to vote for?" were the next words. The officer explained that the voter must settle this with his own conscience, convictions, or whatever name he liked to give his political fancies. The free and independent one was puzzled. "Well," he said, "what be the names of them as us be voting for?" It was explained to him that the one was—let us say—A, the other B. "Oh, well," said he, with obvious relief, "A comes afore B (to this extent he was a man of letters); I'll vote for A." And for A accordingly his vote was cast. Now for a specimen of a man of very similar, apparently identical, up ringin', yet exhibiting a good deal of

information and an instantaneous readiness of wit and rejoinder. He was officiating as a beater, when his master asked him how he was going to vote. "Liberal," he said. "Us be all gwine for vote Liberal. Us be gwine to do away with the Lords." "Indeed," said his master, "and when you've done away with them, what'll you do with the House of Lords?" "Oh," said the man, without hesitating an instant, "us be gwine for make 'ee a nice little sitting-room for the House of Commons." I do not retail these very apposite anecdotes

only because they are amusing, though I think that would be a very complete justification for doing so, but rather because there does seem to be going about just now a genuine desire to try to understand, in order eventually to help, the poor man who is our neighbour, and whom we begin to realise—after all, that is the best beginning of all knowledge—that we understand hardly at all as yet. Maybe he does not in the least require our help, and if that proves the outcome of our investigations, so very much the better.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MR. WALTER SICHEL'S book on Sheridan—*Sheridan from New and Original Material, Including a Manuscript Diary by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire* (Constable and Co.)—is not a biography. It is an encyclopædia. Within its covers is packed an erudition, which was doubtless many years a-gathering. The author deems nothing irrelevant to his purpose. His illustrations are unexpected, his allusions far-sought. He is ever bent upon exhausting his subject. For instance, he defends Sheridan from the charge of procrastination by declaring that in this vice he did not stand alone, that neither Fox nor Thomas Grenville was immune from the foible, and that the second Lord Chatham, too, was dilatory. Did not he keep Sir Richard Strachan waiting? Now, this encyclopædic method is well enough for scholars and pedants. We all know with what success Burton practised it in his "Anatomy of Melancholy." But it is the worst possible method for a biographer, and there is no subject to whom it is so ill-suited as to the mercurial Sheridan. The first duty of the artist, in whatever medium he works, is selection. He may be fortified in his task with the knowledge of all the ages. If he is an artist he will reject gravely and severely every word and every touch that are not essential to his finished work. Though we have read Mr. Sichel's monumental volumes with much interest, we cannot but confess that they are lacking in balance, in a sense of proportion, in all those qualities which make up artistry. Twelve hundred solid pages are a vast block beneath which to bury the gay, light-hearted Sheridan, and the biographer might have doubled his effect if he had halved his toil. In brief, we hoped to look upon a statue, and we are invited, without ceremony, to inspect a quarry.

Mr. Sichel's artistic failure is the more to be regretted, because in every other respect he is perfectly equipped for his task. He has made the period his own. He has read everything that can throw light upon it. He is as easily familiar with the Parliamentary debates as with the *jeux d'esprit* of the ephemeral prints. He has brought to light many documents hitherto unknown. He is as little afraid of original research as of taking a wide survey. There are few of Sheridan's contemporaries upon whom he does not pass judgment, and his opinions are, with few exceptions, sound and mature. Not even his profound sympathy with Sheridan persuades him to take too kindly a view of his subject, and embedded in Mr. Sichel's two large volumes there may be found the truest portrait that exists of the author of "The School for Scandal."

The biographer strikes the right note at the very beginning. "Sheridan," he says, "was beyond everything a sentimentalist, and an Anglo-Irish sentimentalist of the eighteenth century. . . . His inner texture is Shandean." That is perfectly true, and if we bear this truth in mind we shall be able to explain the contradictions of Sheridan's character. He was generous, he was mischievous, he was witty, he was extravagant. In a selfish age, he was driven by sentimentality to deeds of self-sacrifice. In a time of political intrigue and corruption, he devoted many unprofitable years to the House of Commons. Whatever mistakes he made as a politician, it must be admitted that he was no place-man. He adored rhetoric; he had all the comedian's love of oratory as the begetter of applause; but he was as incapable of Fox's interested treachery as he was of Burke's coarse vituperation. He was not a profound student of political philosophy. The conduct of affairs was always something of a game in his eyes. But he always avoided the excesses of his friends, who delighted in England's humiliation; he recognised from the very first the bloodthirsty ambition of the Jacobins, and his love of "liberty" did not persuade him to cherish a romantically wild admiration, such as was cherished by Fox and Hazlitt, for the triumphant Bonaparte. Moreover, there were in him the seeds of true patriotism. More cleverly than any of the Whigs he recognised the grandeur of the struggle in which England was engaged; he disdained to embarrass the Government at the time of the mutiny at the Nore; and in more than one crisis he did his country real service. All of which helps to explain the coldness with which his leader Fox sometimes regarded him.

The worst blot upon Sheridan's political career is, we think, his attack upon Warren Hastings. Here the comedian got the better of the politician and of the man. He worked up his

effects as he might have worked up a situation upon the stage of Drury Lane. He stooped to attack a great statesman, who had valiantly served his country, with no better evidence to help him than the tittle-tattle of Francis, a lying malignant rival. We know to-day that the charges brought by Sheridan against Warren Hastings were false. Sheridan was less fortunate than we are in this respect. But he did not know them to be true, and his ignorance did not abate his violence by a jot or mitigate for a moment the rancour of his oratorical display. In discussing this episode, wholly discreditable as it seems to-day, Mr. Sichel shows something less than his usual judgment. He admits that, by magnifying the errors of Warren Hastings, and by minimising his successes, Burke, Fox and Grey made their self-righteousness ridiculous. "None the less," he says, "these very inquisitors ushered in the dawn of a brighter day." We cannot agree with him. The monstrous injustice inflicted upon Warren Hastings was not merely a piece of shameful ingratitude; it has been a direct encouragement ever since to those politicians who believe that those whom they call "pro-consuls" are always wrong, and that an Englishman has but to go a thousand miles from home to become an unbridled savage.

As for Sheridan, he took the matter lightly enough. He spoke as a comedian or an advocate, and no doubt delighted in harrowing the feelings of the dense mob which crowded Westminster Hall. He possessed the cynicism which belongs to the sentimentalist alone, and he looked cheerfully to the immediate effect which he produced. That effect was grand enough to satisfy even his histrion's soul. "None who listened," says Mr. Sichel, "but was moved and amazed. Fox said when it was over that 'all he had ever heard—all that he had ever read—when compared with it, dwindled into nothing and vanished like vapour before the sun.' Burke declared it to be 'the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument and wit united, of which there is any record or tradition.' Pitt himself acknowledged that 'it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind.'" This is high praise, indeed, to lavish upon a piece of eloquence, and, unfortunately for Sheridan, the effect of the eloquence died with those who were privileged to hear it, while the infamy of the libel has been made greater as our knowledge of the facts has increased.

When Sheridan delivered the most astonishing speech of recorded time, he was already the author of the most popular comedy. Two such triumphs as the indictment of Warren Hastings and the performance of "The School for Scandal" have never fallen to the lot of one man. It seems as though Sheridan had the very genius of success. Time has dealt more kindly with "The School for Scandal" than with the famous speech. It still holds the boards, as it deserves to hold them. It is still as fine a test as we have for the skill of the comedian. And yet here, too, there is something lacking. We agree with Mr. Sichel that it boots not to enquire whether it is a first-rate comedy of the second class, or a second-rate comedy of the first class. It is not first of the first class. It has not the authenticity of "The Way of the World," though it is far better suited for public presentation. Of Congreve's masterpiece it may be said that only Congreve could have written it. "The School for Scandal" does not bear the sole individual stamp of Sheridan. If we judge it by the highest standard, we shall find that it is too well made, as the early plays of Sardou are too well made. It is so nicely adapted to the public stage that it suggests the carpenter rather than the artist. And thus is explained at once its perfect and continued success on the stage, and the waning interest which it produces when read in the study.

But whatever Sheridan did—whether he wrote or spoke, whether he laughed or drank—he had a trick of holding the attention of men, an attention which he holds almost as firmly as when the sound of his voice was heard at assemblies or in the House of Commons. As Mr. Sichel wisely and eloquently says, "there are beings who possess the talent of survival. They continue to live in a romance of their own long after they have vanished from the stage. Their vividness, their picturesqueness, haunt the scenes of remote ages and pervade the imagination of mankind. They are themselves a drama. With them and

of them, history becomes legend, and legend turns into history. A cycle of myth gathers round them, and they propagate their own fanciful essence in many forms and in divers places." Sheridan is one of these creatures of fancy and romance. He lived in a world unvisited by the sterner spirits. To him life was a comedy, more wonderful than any that ever he put on at Drury Lane. And for this very reason he should have been more lightly and delicately portrayed than Mr. Sichel has been able to portray him. We do not care to see a sprite of gigantic size and at full length. If you put an elf into a panorama he will escape all save the microscopic eye. And thus we return to our chief complaint against Mr. Sichel. If only he had suppressed five hundred pages! If only, instead of admitting us into his workshop, he had been content to give us a picture!

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

Why Did He Do It? by Bernard Capes. (Methuen.)

MR. BERNARD CAPES has achieved the feat in this book of writing a brilliant and fascinating story that engages the attention of the reader from the first page to the last. He is to be congratulated, too, on an English style which matures and grows sounder with every additional book. A talent little short of genius is shown in the way in which this extraordinary history is made credible. No one who merely knew what were the materials from which the author worked could believe it possible to fuse them into a sane and credible drama. But yet his characters and their interests belong to the atmosphere of the moment. The chief personage is a journalist of the most recently developed type. "He had been prominent in engineering the hidden-treasure craze; he was ingenious at devising catch-penny problems for the newspapers; there was no hand like his in the old city for inventing stop-column extravaganzas that were made to meet the eye, and draw the purse, and be contradicted next day under a flaming headline. A frivolous, or thoughtful, or technical article ran with equal facility off his pen." That, surely, is Fleet Street Bohemianism of the twentieth century to a hair. The other characters are a medical student who has just gained his degree, an avaricious book-collector and antiquary, various employés at the United Service Stores and young ladies to match. The great struggle in the book is for the possession of the Alkahest, or Philosopher's Stone, "Being the Stone of the Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge which Eve in the Garden of Paradise spat from her rosy lips." The effect of this talisman is wonderful indeed. When its owner produces contact with his patient, "Something came like a little soft wind. It was the odyle current linking him to the thing he touched, making one circuit of their self-consciousnesses. At one pole were the million roots of motive; at the other the million flowers of achievement. He could differentiate among them all—analyse and classify. There was no real evil in this man, moral or organic—he could see that clearly. Weaknesses there were, hereditary and constitutional. He could trace them back to their sources, could picture, as vividly as if they were figures thrown upon a lighted screen, the shadowy first causes of them all." Such are the salient points in this striking romance. We purposely give no hint of the plot, because the unfolding of its ingenious maze will constitute no small part of the reader's pleasure.

A NOVEL OF LABOUR.

The Red Flag, by Georges Ohnet. (Alston Rivers.)

THE author of "The Ironmaster" deals with a familiar subject in this exciting novel. The story is good in itself; but we venture to think it will be chiefly read by those who are interested in that struggle between capital and labour which is going on in every country in the world. M. Ohnet's object here, apart from the artistic one of producing a readable tale, is to bring into striking contrast the methods employed respectively in France and Germany. In order to do this the more conveniently, the works at which the men are employed, and of which the leading owner is a Socialist and a sentimentalist, are placed at the confluence of the Verville and the Moselle on the frontiers of Alsace and Lorraine. We need not describe the chain of incidents by which the contented wage-earners of Lebrange are led into striking by emissaries from the Parisian Socialists. The main point is that when the riot does break out the timid proprietor does not care to use military force. When the soldiers are called out his orders are, "Do everything possible to prevent the necessity of extreme measures being taken. You know your orders; receive blows but do not return them." The consequence is that a most able and gallant young officer, loyally endeavouring to obey these orders, is killed and the men themselves are furious at not being allowed to avenge him. There is no end to the trouble, and finally M. Didelot closes the works and has his orders executed at another factory possessed by him and M. Reismann, on German soil. The chief agitator leads his men across the frontier, with the result that they have a striking experience of German methods. Stylb, the agitator in question, begins an harangue with an appeal to the solidarity of the workers, but is not allowed to finish his sentence. He is told to hold his tongue, that he is not a worker, and does not belong to the district.

A young German officer who is in command of troops orders the crowd to disperse after three summons have been given. A trumpet blows the first, second and third blasts. The Socialist shouts "Forward!" "Springing ahead, the strikers rushed in the direction of Steingel, hustling M. Reismann. The major stepped in front of the latter shouting out in piercing accents the command 'Vorwärts!' In an instant the huzzars charged the column on both flanks, cut their way through, and bearing down on their horses upon this mass of scattered humanity, now flying in every direction, they cleared the road, in the middle of which stood M. Reismann, surrounded by the small body of civilians who had accompanied him. That was a tragic moment when the German cavalry hurled itself upon the French crowd. Race and blood hatred manifested itself

in a furious charge. The huzzars, with swords brandished in the air, shouted hurrahs as they came on with clenched teeth and faces red with anger. No attempt at resistance was offered by the rioters, who were swept away like dust before a violent gust of wind." The mailed fist showed to very great advantage on this occasion, and the riot was quelled. The moral is very easy to draw. The Socialistic capitalist has the best of it in the end, and resumes his commercial activity, but the following paragraph will be read with interest: "He had taken one precaution, however; that of investing the whole of his personal fortune in English and Belgian banks. He looked upon himself as being sufficiently exposed with his real estate and landed property, along with the works at Lebrange, all of which represented an enormous capital. He had no wish to find himself unprovided for, in case a social upheaval were to take place. Consequently, having invested fifty million francs in countries more prudent and less revolutionary than France, he had once more flung himself unreservedly into Socialism." The book is as instructive as it is interesting.

THE NATIONAL SPORT.

British Hunting: A Complete History of the National Sport of Great Britain and Ireland from Earliest Records. Edited by A. W. Coaten. (Sampson Low.)

THIS book aims at nothing less than covering the wide subject of British hunting. Fox-hunting, hare-hunting, otter-hunting, stag-hunting and the drag are all treated of in its pages. The book suffers by the extensive nature of its plan. All the skill of its editor has failed to bring it into a manageable compass. Intended as a work of reference, its size and weight make it unwieldy for that purpose. Yet in spite of this, the innumerable topics which were of necessity included are often treated too briefly and in too slight a manner to be of as much value as they ought. Take, for example, Mr. Scarth Dixon's chapter on "Foxhounds and Their Breeding." The historian of "The Bramham Moor Hunt" is a well-known writer on the fox-hound, equipped with ample experience and knowledge. But he has evidently been cramped here by want of space. This chapter, excellent in many ways, is hardly full enough to do justice to one of the most interesting topics in the book. So, too, we turned eagerly to Mr. J. S. Gibbons on "Harriers," and found that his admirable pages came to an end too soon. One of the most satisfactory sections of the book is that dealing with "Beagles and Otter-hunting," by Mr. J. C. Cameron. These chapters will be useful to those who wish for a clear account of two sports which grow in favour with sportsmen and sportswomen with each succeeding year. Mr. J. C. Cameron, who combines theoretical knowledge with practical experience as a Master and huntsman, writes pleasantly and clearly on the sports he loves. Another valuable chapter is that by Mr. Scarth Dixon on "Hunter Breeding." This is a difficult subject admirably treated. As Mr. Scarth Dixon writes, no two men are agreed as to what a hunter should be, and, indeed, the type of hunter must necessarily vary according to the country for which he is wanted.

Nevertheless, a fair definition of the hunter we desire to breed is that he should be "a half-bred horse that can gallop and jump with fourteen stone on his back for half an hour when hounds run hard." The thoroughbred hunter is an accident. An under-bred horse may and often does cross a cramped country cleverly enough if the pace is not too severe, and may be, as Nimrod says, "a very good horse at the pace he can go"; but the problem for hunter-breeders is to find out that combination of thoroughbred blood and coarser strains which will produce a horse alike clever, fast, enduring and up to weight. Mr. Scarth Dixon has summarised well the chief points on hunter-breeding which can be fixed as fairly certain, and his contribution to the subject is a valuable one. The accounts of hunting countries are, we think, too brief and sketchy to be of much real service to intending visitors desirous of information. The writers, no doubt, had adequate knowledge, and Mr. Charles Armstrong, whose family were noted for hard riding in the Fitzwilliam country, has done as well as he could (as, indeed, have the others) with the space allotted to him. There is also bound up with the book a kind of biographical dictionary of hunting notabilities of more or less distinction. This will be interesting and useful to those who like to know who the people are who ride to hounds, and will serve a useful purpose in showing to the world to how many men of some distinction in other lines of life hunting appeals. The volume is magnificently bound in crimson and gold and is printed in a clear, bold type. The illustrations are, naturally, a great feature of such a book, and for these we have nothing but praise. The portraits of hounds and horses, of Masters and huntsmen, and the pictures of hunting scenes, are well chosen and adequately reproduced. The names of such celebrities of the hunting-field as the late Mr. George Lane Fox, Colonel Anstruther Thomson, or Tom Fir in the past, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Lonsdale and Lady Warwick in the present, are to be found in an excellent series of portraits of hunting people. Nor must we forget the work of the editor. In a book so full of names of people and places his task was a difficult one. Yet, so far as we can discover, mistakes are few and insignificant, and this part of the work has been thoroughly well done. *British Hunting* has, too, an excellent index, which adds greatly to its value as a book of reference, a position this work is worthy to occupy on the shelves of those hunting men who are fortunate enough to possess a copy.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

- Pharais: The Mountain Lovers, by Fiona Macleod. (Heinemann.)
 Castles and Châteaux of Old Burgundy, by Francis Milton. (Pitman.)
 Pretty Barbara, by Anthony Dyllington. (S. Paul and Co.)
 Why Did He Do It? by Bernard Capes. (Methuen.)
 Gumbetta: Life and Letters, by P. B. Gheusi. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
 Camera Adventures in the African Wilds, by A. Radclyffe Dugmore. (Heinemann.)
 Cousin Hugh, by Theo Douglas. (Methuen.)
 The Red Flag, by Georges Ohnet. (Alston Rivers.)

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

HARRY VARDON'S NIBLICK.

IT is reported that Harry Vardon has been round the ladies' course at Le Touquet in 74, using the niblick only. We take it that this means the ordinary course as abbreviated by using the forward tees which are arranged for ladies when they play the long course; but we understand that there is also a nine-hole short course laid out since we were there. It is quite likely that the Le Touquet course may be under water in parts—indeed, that seems to have been the fate of a good deal of France lately—and that may be the reason for using the forward tees; but it is rather to be hoped that this plan of playing with the niblick only will not become very general, either on the ladies' course or any other, at Le Touquet or elsewhere. It may be all very well for Vardon, who can take the ball clean with the niblick when he likes, though probably when he is playing a match he prefers to cut out a divot; but it would be a hard matter for the greens if less skilful persons were to take to making a practice of playing round with the niblick only. It is not very clear what Vardon was doing with this "freak" form of the Royal and Ancient game. Can it have been that he was at the old flat-catching business of playing with a single club a much inferior golfer? It looks a little like it; but we had thought that all the flats who were quite so flat as that had been educated to know better, and that the game was played out; but they may still survive at Le Touquet, and if so it might be worth while crossing the Channel to look for them.

MATCHES OF ONE CLUB v. MANY.

This one-club game has always, so far as we have ever seen or heard, resulted in a certain and easy win for the better player—him with the one club and the skill against the other with all the clubs but the skill left out of the bag. It is an old game—how old we do not know, but we knew it in flourishing existence before the days of iron putters, and at that early date the mode of playing was nearly always for the single club to be a putter. It was wonderful what could be done with the wooden putter alone, most unpromising club as it looked for getting out of any evil places. Those were days in which there were in existence clubs that were called "driving putters." These were putters—of course, wooden-headed—with shafts rather longer than the ordinary putter and rather more supple. Their chief point was for driving a low ball against the wind, and they might as well have been called putting drivers as driving putters, for they were just like a halfway cross between the two. They would sometimes be used for running up a long approach over level ground. You could get a long way with these clubs if there was nothing to carry; but always, in these matches of one club against many, it used to be stipulated in the conditions that "it must be an ordinary putter, not a driving putter." The modern golfer would not know what you were driving at if you talked to him in these terms.

SOME ONE-CLUB FEATS.

As for the remarkable things that were done and scores that were returned in those old one-club matches, they would take far too much space here—we should be out of bounds in no time. Mr. Charles Hutchings carried the fifth hole bunker at Westward Ho! with his putter—an iron putter by that time, but, we think, a "gutter" ball. That makes a difference when you come to the iron clubs. We remember playing a match with Mr. Wilson Hoare, we with an iron putter in the morning and with a niblick in the afternoon, he with all weapons. We won both rounds; but the niblick was a much poorer weapon for all-round work than the putter. There was one respect in which even the victor in these matches always came back in a mood rather chastened. It surprised and saddened him to find what little difference it made to the score and ultimate result whether he had all his set or one club only. It led one to think that there was, after all, some justification for the scornful question of the ignorant, "What in the world's the use of having so many sticks?"

THE LATE SIR ROBERT HAY.

It is not without a close connection to the golf of those earlier days of the driving putters—even before the niblick had been devised—that we may regretfully refer to the death, which occurred only last week, of Lady Hay, widow of Sir Robert Hay, who was one of the greatest amateur golfers of his time, and is still held in admiration by those who can remember his wonderful

skill in the use of those "baffly" spoons which were the approaching clubs of the period. English golf, and Westward Ho! golf especially, owed much to Sir Robert Hay's example and precept. We hit rather harder now, but there is no one of the moderns that seems to have quite the same grace as some of those players of the old school—and this, although we have now a ball which responds, much more readily than the ball which they used to play with, to gentle modes of persuasion.

A CASUAL WATER PROBLEM.

One of the greatest of professional players is uneasy in his mind over a little problem connected with casual water on the putting green. It is B's turn to putt and A's ball is lying either in casual water or with casual water intervening between it and the ball. "Now," says B, the great professional aforesaid, "I want A to lift and place his ball before I play my shot. The position in which he places his ball may affect my stroke, since the possibility of laying him a stymie may enter into my reckoning. I want to know exactly what I have to do before I play." There is clearly nothing in the present rule to say that A shall so elect beforehand, but B thinks that there ought to be. There is, perhaps, something in his contention, but A may have a good deal to say too. He

may, for instance, address B in some such terms as these: "My good sir, my intentions may equally be affected by your stroke. It is conceivable that when I have seen your shot I may determine not to lift my ball at all; I may even think it profitable to take a niblick and play the ball out of the puddle." This would certainly be an extreme attitude to take up and the argument may partake of the nature of a *reductio ad absurdum*; but it is not therefore necessarily unsound. A might further add that one of the advantages of being nearer the hole than your opponent is that you can see what he does without prematurely disclosing your own hand, and that he (A) sees no just reason why he should be deprived of it. It is a pretty little point for those of a legislative turn of mind.

MR. J. F. ABERCROMBY.

Mr. Abercromby seems nowadays to devote more time to the making of golf courses than to playing himself, but he will always be a good golfer and is, moreover, one of those who can play a most dangerous game when very short of practice. Both at Felixstowe and Sudbrook Park he did many good things before architecture claimed him for her own. He had an enormous deal to do, Willy Park, of course, being head-architect, with the making of Worpleston, and there is plenty of credit for both of them in that charming course. Mr. Abercromby is now hard at work at the new course at Combe Wood, of which high hopes are entertained.

HOYLAKES FOR THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

So after all the golfers of Oxford and Cambridge are to go to Hoylake for their match this year. Last week we expressed a hope—founded on what may be termed an authoritative rumour—that Rye was to be the venue; but it appears that the Sussex green must wait for the turn that ought to come to it some day. The choice of Hoylake is, needless to say, one at which no one can cavil, since it is a glorious course and one of the golfing centres of England. Moreover, nobody can steer any golfing enterprise to success more surely than the Royal Liverpool Club. The match has twice before been played on the Cheshire green—namely, in 1906 and 1907. In 1906 Cambridge won very comfortably by twenty-three holes, and in 1907 they just scrambled home again by the narrowest possible margin. The latter year was chiefly noticeable for the brilliant golf of Mr. Robertson-Durham, who inflicted on Mr. Gordon Barry a comparatively crushing defeat.

This Oxford success, however, was much more than neutralised by an unfortunate member of the same side, who presented his opponent with a number of holes running well into double figures, and it was this fine pocketful of holes that just gave Cambridge the victory. It was after that extremely practical illustration that Oxford came round to the view that the scoring should be by matches rather than holes, and that more satisfactory and certainly more humane method of reckoning has since been in force.

THE NEW COURSE AT LANGLEY PARK.

One of the jobs on which Taylor, the champion, with Peter Lees, this time, as his partner, is to be engaged shortly is the laying out of a new



MR. J. F. ABERCROMBY.

course at Langley Park, by Beckenham. It is certain to be a good job, for we know the nature of the soil there—light and sandy. What one would hardly have thought is that yet another course could possibly be wanted there. If you had a map, with all the golf courses about the metropolis, and especially in that neighbourhood, with Bromley and Beckenham quite close by, not to speak of others, marked in red on it, it would seem to be coming out in a remarkably favourable eruption of the scarlatina nature. Yet it is stated that already, long beforehand, there are a hundred and fifty members' names down for the new club, so there is no fear whatever of the scheme falling flat.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TAYLORS.

J. H. Taylor and his brother Joshua had all the best of it in the final of the Southern professional foursomes at Stoke Poges, and beat Charles and

Bradbeer very comfortably. Never was there a better example of the value of length, for the losing pair were nearly always behind, and so were more or less struggling all the way. The champion was driving a fine long ball, with a very useful hook, but he is not quite so long as his younger brother when the latter hits his very best. Joshua Taylor hit one or two really terrific shots, notably one which nearly reached the green at the tenth hole. Bradbeer and Charles stuck to their guns like men, and were always taking trouble; but they wrecked their chances by a fatal falling away in the last seven holes in the morning round. They made several mistakes in the long game—indeed, Charles was never really hitting his drives—and the Taylors, making hay while the sun shone (in a strictly figurative sense), went to lunch with a lead of five. Thus they retained comfortably enough, and the end was never in doubt.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ART OF GRINLING GIBBONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—From time to time, in your paper, you reproduce pieces of Grinling Gibbons carving from different City churches. I wonder whether I should be giving you a great deal of trouble if I asked you to let me have the names of the churches in the City and West End and round about that have any of this carving in them? I should very much like to make an excursion and see this beautiful work. I know of no one who can give me this information other than you; that is the reason I am troubling you in the matter.—EUSTACE GRAY.

[OF London churches possessing carvings that documentary evidence proves to be by Grinling Gibbons there are few, except St. Paul's Cathedral and St. James, Piccadilly. His accounts for the choir stalls and other work at the Cathedral are preserved. As to the altar-piece at St. James we have John Evelyn's testimony. In other cases, such as the wonderful font cover at All Hallows, Barking, his particular touch is revealed. But a great number of City churches display his guidance and influence, if not his hand. At St. Stephen Walbrook, the organ gallery and case, the reredos, the pulpit and the font are all magnificent, and the same may be said of St. Mary-at-Hill. At St. Laurence Jewry, besides these features, the wainscoting of the vestry and the beautiful wreaths about the mantel-piece and door-case should be noticed. St. Margaret Lothbury, besides its own decorations, now contains the screen and pulpit from the destroyed All Hallows, Thames Street. Christchurch, Newgate, St. Mildred, Bread Street, and St. Mary Abchurch, are among the many that display conspicuously fine woodwork of the Grinling Gibbons School.—ED.]

ELIHU YALE'S TAPESTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been much interested in the illustration and account of Elihu Yale's tapestry, contained in the article on Glemham Hall, Suffolk, which appears in COUNTRY LIFE of January 1st, the reason of my interest being that among several pieces of tapestry in the same style, which have been in my family for five generations at least, one (the largest) is, for the most part, identical in design with the piece shown in your illustration. I see the article says these tapestries were made in London; and if any of your correspondents could give me any information as to the date and manner of manufacture, present value, etc., of such tapestries, I should be so much interested and obliged. I may just add that the pieces to which I refer would certainly not be sold; my query as to value is entirely for information.—H. C.

[The following description of the tapestries referred to will be found on page 344 of W. G. Thompson's "History of Tapestry." At Glemham "there is a set of four very beautiful tapestries in the Indo-Chinese style of design and woven in England towards the end of the seventeenth century. . . . The Mortlake shield occurs in the selvages of these tapestries." It is not, however, at all certain that they were made at Mortlake, and below the illustration of one of these pieces given by Mr. Thompson are the words "Mortlake or Soho." Yale came home from India in 1699, and, probably, very soon after that had these tapestries made for him, the subject being agreeable to an ex-Governor of Madras. No doubt several sets were made for India merchants, and a large piece of a quite similar kind was recently offered to a London dealer, but being of poor colour and not very decorative was not purchased by him. The Glemham set, being in excellent condition and having been the property of the founder of the Yale University, would, doubtless, have a large value in America. Less good and less historical pieces would only fetch a moderate price.—ED.]

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH DOVECOTE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a pen and ink sketch of the Colombier at the Manoir d'Angot at Varangeville, near Dieppe. Mr. Eric Francis, who drew it, has been remarkably successful in indicating both the materials and the forms of its architecture. It was built in Francis I.'s time, that is, in our Henry VIII. period, and it calls to mind contemporary work in East Anglia. A narrow brick is used in conjunction with a diaper of chalk and flint. The cornice has not lost the mediæval character, and is not unlike that at Barningham and other Norfolk houses. The ample domed roof, however, is very French, this form having been little used in England except on a small scale for the cupolaed tops of towers. The dovecote stands in the middle of the great court or yard which is surrounded by the domicile, offices and farmery. The latter, of oak-framing, shows in the sketch, but the artist had his back to the house, which, though long fallen from its high estate, retains many of its Renaissance features. The whole was erected



THE DOVECOTE AT THE MANOIR D'ANGOT.

Francis at Dieppe and entertained him grandly. But after the death of that King, who had ever befriended him, the many enemies which his pride of place and insolence of manner had made him among his fellow-merchants successfully encompassed his downfall, and he was forced to give up his fine town house and retire to his country manor.—H. AVRAY TIPPING.

DO FISH FEEL THE COLD?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to "M." on his loss of golden orfe, I expect, unless his pond was very shallow and frozen to the bottom, that it was want of air that killed his fish. The water must be kept open at one corner or edge; otherwise he will soon lose all his fish, as I have learnt from experience that they quickly succumb to want of air.—A. L. A.

A JAPANESE SUBSTITUTE FOR GIMP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A species of thread manufactured in Japan seems to me to possess qualities of strength and toughness which might make it useful as a substitute for the finer sizes of gimp. What the material is I do not exactly know, but I understand it is used as surgical thread for stitching wounds, etc. I fancy it must be a vegetable fibre of some kind, and as will be seen from the specimen enclosed, it is made of three strands twisted together. It looks, in fact, very like twisted gut. When soaked in water it becomes soft, and can then be knotted easily. The thread, while almost as transparent as gut,

seems to be tougher in texture, and I believe that it would not be easy for a jack to bite through. The thread is supplied in reels and is, I am told, quite cheap. I was given a piece to try, but the donor could not tell me where the thread is obtainable, though I should fancy there would be little difficulty in finding out where it is made. Perhaps you will be so kind as to say what exactly the substance is?—FLEUR-DE-LYS

GOLDEN EAGLE'S NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph of a golden eagle's nest was taken in the Highlands. It was on an absolutely unprotected ledge about half way down the face of a steep hill—I only scrambled down to it with great



AN EAGLE'S NEST.

difficulty—and below it was a sheer drop of a hundred feet. The ledge was so narrow that I had much trouble to find room to stand while taking the picture, which I am afraid gives a very inadequate idea of the exposed position of the eyrie.—M. N.

RECORD WEIGHT FOR A HEN'S EGG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should much like to know what is the record weight for a hen's egg. One laid here a few days ago, carefully weighed on an accurate letter balance, turned the scale at four and a-quarter ounces. It was, of course, double-yolked. This egg was laid by a thorough-bred Leghorn hen in its third year. The same hen has laid many large double-yolked eggs before, but none so heavy as this one.—W. A. ST. CLAIR.

[The egg in question is certainly in the running for the record weight, but we fancy four and three-quarter ounces has been attested. For a Leghorn the weight is remarkable indeed, considering the comparatively small size of the breed. Presumably the hen is a good layer, as our correspondent has kept her for a third season; but, as a rule, hens laying these "freak" eggs do not "average" so well as others which keep more to the usual size. The market size for an egg is two ounces; that is to say, two ounces is the most saleable size, anything under being reckoned on the small side.—ED.]

UNTIMELY SPRING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In Vol. I., page 35, of "Half-Hours with the Best Authors," I notice a yet briefer version of the old adage referred to by correspondents in your issues of January 22nd and February 5th respectively, namely:

"As day lengthens

Cold strengthens."—WINIFRED MONEY

THE OLD MUMMERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In Mr. Bonnett's very interesting article he mentions the puzzling line "What the proud teck of thy fattle dome." Is not this merely a corrupted phonetic rendering of "Wait, proud Turk, for thy fatal doom"? Just the sort of double emphasis that delighted the mummery and their audience.—SIDNEY CLARKE.

FOLLOWING A SHEPHERD.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The usual fashion is for the shepherd to drive his sheep before him. In the instance of which I send you a photograph the positions are reversed and the sheep are following the shepherd's lead with the docility of dogs.—A. P.

THE LAW AND THE BURGLAR.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—As a lawyer I share "Lex's" opinion. Only in self-defence can life be taken.—HOWARD RUMNEY.

THE BEST TWENTY ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The following roses are among the finest of the older and newer kinds for grouping—that is, one to each

bed. Taking them alphabetically, the first on the list is Antoine Rivoire, H.T., with cream-tinted flowers, and one of the most beautiful of the class to which it belongs; Augustine Guinoiseau, H.T., blush white, a sport from the famous La France; Betty, H.T., a new rose of great beauty, the flowers coppery pink, buds long, a kind that will probably become one of the most popular of all roses for the garden; Caroline Testout, H.T., which is now too well known to need description; G. Nabonnand, T., which should be in the list of the best six roses for the garden—the growth of the plant is not robust, at least not on a hot, dry soil, but the flowers are exquisite, the shell-like petals painted with many shades, salmon, rose, apricot tints intermingling, and with the e attributes a sweet scent; Grace Darling, H.T., which has flowers of many shades, chiefly pink and yellow, and a rose that is a great success near large towns; Grand Duc de Luxembourg, H.T., rose red; Hon. Edith Gifford, T., cream white; Hugo Roller, T., one of the more beautiful roses raised of recent years—the petals are lemon coloured, with a margin of warm rose red; Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, H.T., lemon white; Lady Ashtown, H.T., quite a new kind and well described as a Rose du Barri colour; Lady Battersea, H.T., conspicuous for the length of its buds, the expanded flowers carmine rose; La Tosca, a tall, vigorous and noble rose for grouping, the flowers almost white and borne in clusters on strong stems; Liberty, H.T., crimson; the famous Lyon Rose, which is of wonderful shading, apricot and soft pink; Mme. Abel Chatenay, H.T., the rose of roses for grouping and easily recognised by the salmon pink pointed petals; Mme. Ravary, H.T., apricot yellow, a rose the writer considers should be chosen before all others; Marquise de Sinety, H.T., orange tinted with red; Papa Gontier, T., a dense rich red; Pharisaer, H.T., a rose for all gardens, sturdy in growth and bearing pale salmon pink flowers; and Frau Karl Druschki, H.P., pure white, but unfortunately scentless. These are all roses to mass, one to each bed, and nothing is more effective than twelve plants of a kind. Of course, many favourites have been omitted, such as Marie van Houtte, La France and Viscountess Folkestone; but these are well known and are in most gardens worthy of the name.—E. T. COOK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is, of course, impossible to make a selection of twenty roses only which will suit all gardens and please all growers, and I have no doubt that everyone who grows roses would wish to make one or two changes in whatever list might be given. The excellent one put forward by your correspondent "W. H." has already been amended so far as J. B. Clark is concerned—and rightly so, I think—but I should like to see it further improved by the inclusion of Kaiserin Augusta Victoria and the Earl of Warwick. The latter almost approaches the Lyon rose in colouring and is an excellent rose, while the former, with its white petals—the outer ones reflexed—its lemon centre and its delicate tea scent, deserves a place in every garden. It is extremely floriferous, and its blooms in the autumn—on the new growth with its bronze foliage—are even more numerous than in summer. I have grown it for years in various parts of my garden; but one bed of it, which I planted about seven years ago, containing between three dozen and four dozen plants, is an especial joy, and is greatly admired by all who see it. Its one drawback is that it is intolerant of much wet, which causes its big buds to rot; but that is a fault not confined to this particular rose, as all gardeners know. Another magnificent rose is Prince de Bulgarie, which, at its best, with outer petals of silvery flesh and its heart of glowing apricot and pale rose, is unique in its beauty. Unfortunately, not all the blooms show this superb colouring.—C. A. C.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN'S QUERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The question which an Anglo-Indian asks in your last number is one which a good many of those who have passed much of their lives in the Tropics must put to themselves when the time comes for their retirement from service and return to the Motherland. Where shall they settle down and find a climate not too rigorous after their many years in the Tropics? The answer seems to be that they may best find what they want in any of the many residential towns and watering-places along the South Coast, from the Land's End as far eastward as Bournemouth. Eastward of that the climate becomes less mild and the winter sunshine more problematic, unless, indeed,



FLOCK OF SHEEP FOLLOWING A SHEPHERD.

the Isle of Wight be sought, with the exceptional mildness of its "undercliff" at Ventnor, and all along to Bonchurch. As a rule, however, the man returning from service abroad is not above considerations of finance. The Isle of Wight is not cheap to live in. Neither is Bournemouth. The rule may be taken as general that the further westward we go the more economical is life. It has to be borne in mind particularly that in Cornwall and Devon there is every difference between the South and the North Coasts. The mild climate needed may be found very much further east along the South Coast. Of course, it grows milder as one goes westward. At Falmouth there are gardens as sub-tropical in character as those at Tresco in Scilly. The mainland of Cornwall is, indeed, perhaps a degree or two less mild in winter than that of the Scilly Islands; but it is warmer in summer, and on the average a trifle higher. The mention of the garden suggests another factor in the answer to be given to the Anglo-Indian's question. Probably he has some views as to the occupation of his leisure hours, and we may suggest the likelihood that these will include golf, sea-fishing and gardening—one or other, or a little of each. In this case he will be influenced by his predilections. The best and greatest variety of the golf he may find at Bournemouth, the best of the gardening in the west of Cornwall, the sea-fishing, with some trouting inland, anywhere along the South Devon and Cornwall Coast. The final word of suggestion we would offer is that the enquirer should go down and look for himself, either beginning from Bournemouth and working westward along the coast, or establishing himself more or less centrally at some pleasant place, such as Torquay, and working east and west in his search. The coast-line is all so beautiful, and agreeable resting-places are so many, that it is no hard labour that we are proposing for him. —H

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—In reply to an Anglo-Indian's query regarding a place for residence in England, I would recommend Cheltenham to him as the most suitable. Climatically it has many important advantages. It is sheltered, by the surrounding Cotswold Hills, from objectionable winds and is free from extremes in temperature. As a place of residence for retired officers, Indian civil servants and others who have spent many years in the East it is peculiarly suitable and much patronised. As regards dryness of the atmosphere, *i.e.*, the percentage of humidity, Cheltenham holds a high position, and in the matter of bright sunshine it stands second among the inland resorts of England.—LESLIE W. BAYLEY.

SACRED. 5. CRANE OF FAR EAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—From early day in Japan. The crane were considered Sacred-Bird by Native, and prohibited to hunt by traditional Law beside people of Japan. who never seen where the Crane is going to nest. It was 7 years ago. Just time of Russo-Jap War is Break out.

deep deep mountain country of little village called "Izushi" in province "Tazima," about 250 miles distance from "Tokio" city westside of Japan. theres a couple of crane is appear and begin to nest top of the mountain pine tree. Some people says this crane is a inspiration of God help to Japan against the enemy of Russia. But in anyhow Its a great interest had by supastecious Native.

the thousand people throughout the country. come to see the cranes nest. Drinking and Singing every kind of congraturation were taken place. and at the same time War is going to succesfull and succesfull. even Emperor of Mikado were hered and great interest distinguished.

Since 7 years after. the crane once or twice each every year came to see the old home.

J. MATSUOKA.

[We publish this letter exactly as it was written, since it could scarcely be done into exact English without losing the vivid intimate touch. Not the

least interesting thing about it is the evidence it affords of the mastery our Oriental allies are attaining over the art of photography. —ED.]

EARLY NESTING OF A ROBIN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

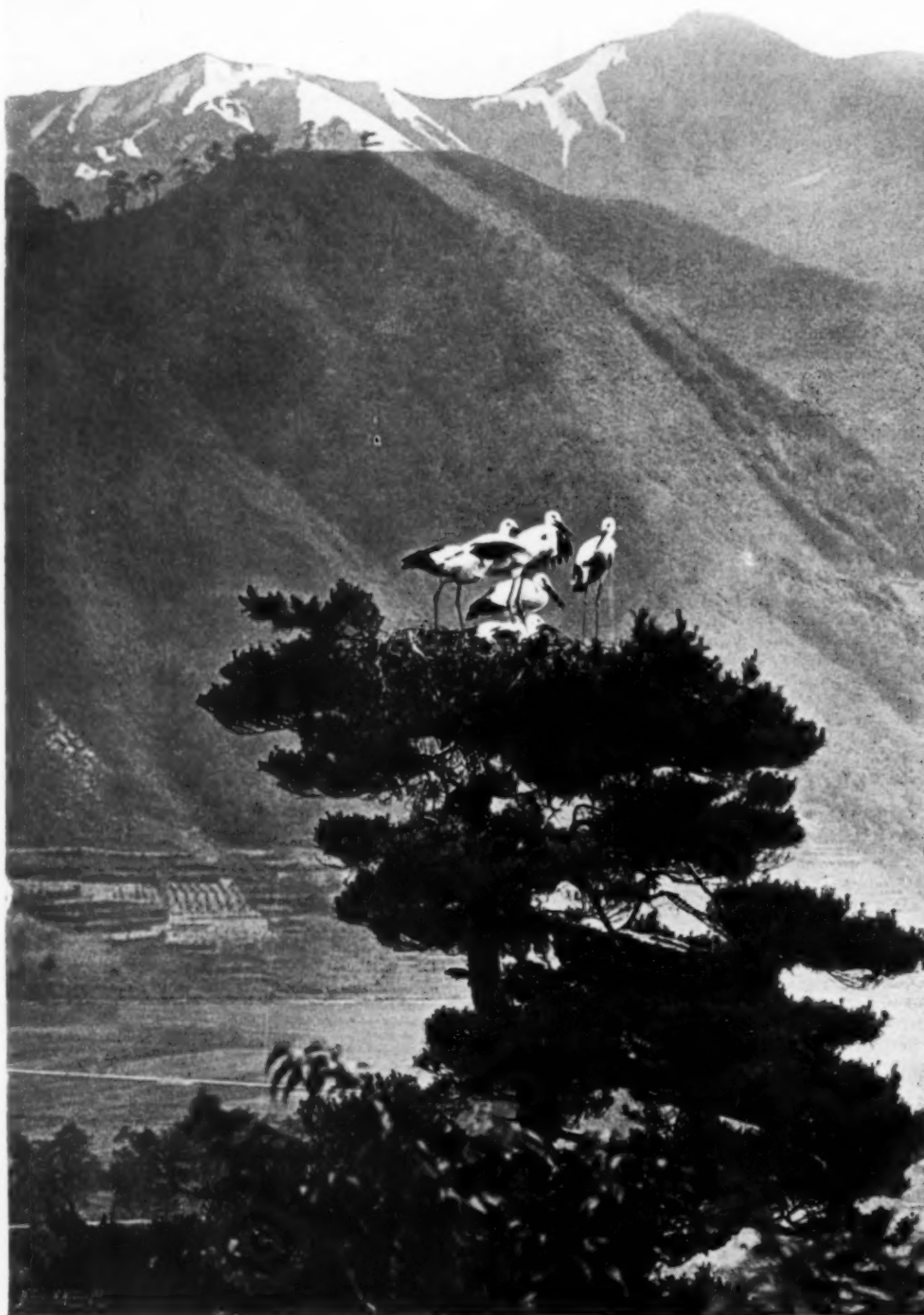
SIR,—On January 29th I examined a robin's nest containing three eggs which some workmen discovered earlier in the week when stripping tiles from the roof of a cartshed. The nest was built in a beam, under a tile which had slipped from its original position and formed a kind of lean-to covering for the nest. The eggs were very slightly incubated, but, unfortunately, the sudden exposure of their home and the noisy workmen immediately overhead made the birds forsake. Birds which build out of season are probably youthful and inexperienced couples who have yet to learn wisdom in a cold, hard world.—E. L. TURNER.

A TALE OF A STOAT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I was somewhat surprised one cold damp morning last month to see a stoat hard at work on a large marrow bone which had been put out in the garden for the birds. The garden is quite small and close to the high road, but nothing

appeared to disturb the stoat till a dog came along; he then ran off, but soon returned to the bone. Two robins who frequent the garden and are very tame were much interested in watching the attack on the bone; they stood close by, but refrained from interfering. After a time the marauder tired of the bone and ran about the garden, eventually finding his way into the house and making for some pheasants that were hanging up in the cellar. He was then hunted out, but managed to get away and ran up into a tree. Finally he was killed and left in the garden. The two robins again came to look at him, and seemed quite mesmerised by the dead body, standing by it without moving for some time. After the stoat was taken away and buried they regained their usual life and spirits.—E. C. A.



THE FIVE SACRED CRANES.